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The Battle of Waterloo.

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THE author of the following pages has not any apology to make for sending them into the world, well knowing that however he may need indulgence from the severity of criticism on his first attempt, nothing he could offer, would tend to lessen its rigor.

He has only to add that the following was written subsequent to the publication of "Paul's Letters to his Kinsfolk," the supposed production of Walter Scott, Esq. from which work the incidents are principally taken.

*Holywell, near Watford,
May, 1816.*

CANTO I.

ARGUMENT.

Invocation.—A martial spirit the characteristic of Britain.—The love of freedom the spring of heroism.—Its misguided zeal sometimes the cause of internal commotions.—Exemplified by the quarrels between the Roses.—And subsequently between Charles the First and the Parliament.—A parallel between those times in England and the late in France.—Civil war deprecated.—The deep impressions made on France by the British arms in former times, as at Cressy and Poitiers under Edward, and Agincourt under Henry.—The gigantic and overwhelming power of France under Louis the Fourteenth annihilated by the British under Marlborough.—The greater tyranny and more rancorous hatred of Napoleon, resisted by the British.—Preparations by each for the decisive conflict.—The different feelings that actuate the opposing combatants.

THE
BATTLE OF WATERLOO.

CANTO I.

ARISE, my Muse, in martial numbers sing,
And greatly dare to touch the sounding string,
In quick vibrations let thy accents roll,
Thrill every nerve, and captivate the soul ;
Thy boldest flights in glory's cause assume,
And graft "*immortal*" to the warrior's plume.

Oh ! for one ray of Homer's sacred flame,
That gave to warlike Greece a deathless name ;

That o'er the raptured sense in torrents pour'd
 The noblest theme, his country's conquering sword ;
 Then on an eagle's wing her venturous flight,
 With eye keen piercing as the source of light,
 Should strive to emulate the Grecian's fame,
 And prove that Britons differ but in name.

Queen of the Isles ! how glows thy generous ire
 When honor calls thee, or when dangers fire !
 First to repress the tyrant's lawless rage,
 And singly dare with countless hosts engage ;
 'Tis then thy gallant youth, with fury steel'd,
 Shine forth in arms and range the embattled field ;
 Whose dauntless breasts at prostrate Europe's call,
 No toil can weary, and no foe appall,
 But like the mountain-blast, or foaming surge,
 The deadly rage of war tempestuous urge,
 Till from her throne is mad ambition hurl'd,
 Then stand the wonder of the astonish'd world.

'Twas thus their sires of old in freedom's cause
 March'd forth, the avengers of her injured laws :
 O trace the historic page, behold them stand
 The awful guardians of their native land,
 'Gainst foreign foes the wrathful steel oppose,
 And native tyrants, worse than foreign foes :
 Hail! heaven-born Freedom! in thy fostering arms
 The muses smile—thy very wildness charms :
 Yet e'en that sacred name's misguided zeal
 Hath quench'd in kindred blood the flaming steel.
 From that celestial source the discord trace
 Of the third Edward's long contending race ;
 While from the land the social virtues fled,
 Sire against son, by brother brother bled.
 Then Albion mourn'd, rack'd with convulsive throes,
 Or by the crimson, or the paler Rose ;
 Which time successive yet had scarce assuaged,
 When civil storms in tenfold fury raged ;
 Her sons forgetting that most solemn tie,
 The claim of regal rule, fidelity ;

With impious hate their wretched victim tore,
 And bathed their hostile hands in regal gore.
 O deed accurst! the everlasting stain
 Though wash'd by floods of tears will still remain;
 But though the muse would deprecate thy death,
 While vibrates in her ears thy latest breath,²
 Yet can she not, O Charles, thy memory free
 From dark attempts on England's liberty:
 Unstable, wavering, treacherous to thy friend,³
 And trebly stubborn when thou ought'st to bend;
 Yet even here some pity may'st thou claim,
 Not on thyself alone rests all the shame;
 School'd in a vicious court,⁴ thy early youth
 Saw falsehood mantled in the garb of truth,
 (Insidious art!) and each succeeding hour
 Inhaled the poison of despotic power,
 There taught deceit, and love of boundless sway,
 Weeds that a rank and baneful growth betray,
 By flattery fed, where venom lurks unseen,
 And urged by fondness for a bigot Queen;

From snares like these too weak, alas ! to fly,
 Thy manhood led to deeds of tyranny,
 Deeds that Britannia saw with wild affright;
 Which, straining power beyond the line of right,
 The unusual tension burst the mighty band,
 And whelm'd beneath its crash the monarch of the land.

'Tis thus a stream majestic rolls its tides,
 Where lofty barriers rise on both its sides,
 Which, standing firm, while glides the torrent's force,
 Serve to confine but not impede its course ;
 But should the swain whose fields the waters lave,
 With narrower bounds repel the rolling wave,
 The flood indignant at the proffer'd wrong,
 Collected might on might now foams along,
 Bursts the strong rampart, spreads destruction round,
 The rushing tides increase the yawning wound,
 Still onward, still, the raging waters flow,
 And cause an awful scene, a wilderness of woe.

What Britain was, of late hath Gallia been,
 Prolific parent of each dreadful scene ;
 The seed of discord sown in evil hour,
 Nurtured by faction's ceaseless lust of pow'r,
 Advanced in rapid growth (unhallow'd tree !)
 And reach'd at length its dread maturity ;
 Its poison, Upas ^s like, taints every soul—
 Her children late submissive of control,
 By frenzy fired, break down the social line,
 And spurn at laws, and mock at faith divine ;
 Murder to murder seems to add new zest,
 With reckless fury burns the savage breast ;
 As fellest monsters with a mighty flood
 Drench cities, temples, palaces in blood.
 The softer sex (does truth the record write ?)
 With worse than hellish joy beheld the sight,
 Or blacker still, the reeking vitals tore,
 And suck'd with fiend-like gust the spouting gore ! ^a

From such a theme the eye revolting turns,
 The generous breast with indignation burns,
 And though the martial muse delights to sing
 The battle's rage where swords with bucklers ring,
 Th' artillery's roar that spreads destruction round,
 The shrilly clangor of the trumpet's sound,
 The bursting shell that bids whole armies bleed,
 The din of arms, the clash of steed to steed,
 The victor-scales in equal balance held,
 Charge meeting charge, repelling and repell'd—
 Yet with regretting tears and silent shame
 She views the ghastly glare of civil flame.

If lofty verse to generous deeds belong,
 Then boldly strike, BRITANNIA claims thy song,
 Her lustre, glorious as the solar light,
 Chaste as thy beams, O virgin queen of night,
 Which no creative fancy can advance,
 Though cloth'd in all the grandeur of romance,

Still less *her* native splendor be encreas'd
 By all the fabled glories of the East :
 To raise the weak, to succour the distress'd,
 To crush the oppressor and relieve the oppress'd,
 To stand the barrier 'gainst ambitious might,
 Or, wrong'd herself, to vindicate her right,
 Whate'er the cause, when honor takes alarm,
 How oft hath Gallia felt her pow'rful arm !

Adown the stream of time which finds no goal,
 The fleeting years in quick succession roll,
 With rapid pace receding from their source,
 And onward flowing still pursue their course,
 They reach at length oblivion's hateful night
 And wholly disappear from mortal sight :
 Yet though successive years continual glide,
 Press on the past and drive them down the tide,
 While Albion stands in majesty sublime,
 Or language triumphs o'er the pow'r of time,

Ne'er shall oblivion urge her wonted claim,
To shade the sable Edward's 7 splendid fame.

In Cressy's hard-fought, sanguinary field,
Where valor's self might not have blush'd to yield,
Disdaining flight, and unappall'd with dread,
His slender force the beardless stripling led,
And nobly dared his little band oppose,
Dauntless and firm, against a host of foes ;
The mighty power subdued, at length they fly,
The flower, the pride, of Gallic chivalry :
There first the cannon with terrific sound
Swept the close files and mingled slaughter round ;
Cumbersome and rude, yet for destruction made,
The deadly engine plies the murderous trade :
There fell Bohemia's monarch 'mongst the slain,
Whose captive banner graced the conqueror's train ;
When swelling gales the silken charms unfold,
The opening flag display'd a plume of gold :

These trophied spoils the warrior's fame attest
 And hence the Plume became the victor's Crest,
 Unsullied then it graced the princely brow,
 O'er thine, O GEORGE! it waves unsullied now.

Then quite matured in manhood, ardent, bold,
 At Poitiers next the sable chief behold,
 (While crimson carnage dyes his pointed spear),
 From Gallia's front the bleeding lilies tear;
 Yet though triumphant Albion's banners wave,
 He adds not insult to the vanquish'd brave,
 But generous strives to blunt the poignant sting,
 That racks the feelings of her captive king.

Where most conspicuous shines the list of fame,
 Not less than Edward is her Henry's⁸ name,
 Gentle in peace, behold the youthful sage!
 In war a hero with the lion's rage.
 Heavens! with what firmness in a wretched state,
 When weak, worn down, and half subdued by fate,

His troops forlorn,⁹ while hostile armies shone
 In numbers more than thrice three times their own,
 And vengeance breath'd from every glittering lance,
 He saw the hosts, and heard the taunts of France !
 Ere yet one day his destined round had run,
 Or Agincourt beheld the setting sun,
 Whose early dawn had seen each phalanx ranged,
 How changed their looks ! their insolence how changed !
 Like some proud ruin verging on its fall,
 A bending suppliant came the vanquish'd Gaul,
 Craved of the victor on the sanguine plain
 An humble boon—interment of the slain.

O Child of Satan ! mad ambition ! see
 What direful wars ! what horrors spring from thee !
 Impell'd by thee, the faithless Louis¹⁰ spread
 His conquering hosts, and fill'd the realms with dread ;
 With each advantage o'er opposing foes
 His hopes increased, his rage for conquest rose,
 That fair Europa's bounds could scarce suffice
 To fill the grasp of sceptred avarice.

Then groan'd the nations, and in wild despair
 To Britain's Queen address'd their fervent pray'r ;
 Rous'd is the spirit of the British Isles,
 And martial rage spreads through the lengthen'd files :
 Revenge they know not, but the glowing heart
 That melts at woe or acts the warrior's part ;
 That stimulates the brave to glorious fight ;
 That dares protect the weak 'gainst lawless might ;
 That spurns oppression and her pow'r disarms ;
 Reigns in each breast and every bosom warms :
 In marshall'd ranks advance the freeborn brave,
 France saw aghast the British ensigns wave !
 'Twas then she labor'd with convulsive throes,
 Her short-lived glories shrouded o'er with woe,
 Her fondest hopes of pow'r without control,
 Which year by year had swell'd her haughty soul,
 All perish, when the charge great Marlborough led
 Where far-famed Blenheim rears her lowly head :
 Quick from the field the routed squadrons fly,
 Death to avoid, yet more ignobly die ;

Press'd on their rear 'tis flight alone can save,
 In front the Danube rolls his treacherous wave,
 Here instant death awaits the least delay,
 There more remote they urge their fated way,
 Then desperate plunge in Ister's watery bed,¹¹
 And swell the mighty volume with their dead.

But if the fall of Louis from the height
 Of unjust pow'r obtain'd 'gainst lawful right,
 And rage of battles swelling on the ear,
 (Of that campaign that curb'd his mad career)
 Was deem'd a theme whose brilliant lustre shone
 Too splendid for the muse of Addison!¹²
 How shall a muse obscure, unknown to fame,
 Unskill'd to kindle up the sacred flame,
 Untrain'd her note and unessay'd her wing,
 With hardy daring raise her voice to sing
 Of him, Napoleon?—to whose sceptred might,
 And headlong fall from empire's giddy height,

And to the gorgeous pile his genius wrought,
 The pow'r and fall of Louis seem as nought.
 Yet if she trembles as she strikes the chord,
 Too weak of pow'r to wield Napoleon's sword,
 How rashly dare her feeble notes to raise
 And sound in lowly strains the mightier praise
 Of him who crush'd the *tyrant*—he who won
 The sceptre from *his* hand—immortal WELLINGTON !

France reft of law, her sated soil imbibed
 Her noblest blood—her monarchy proscribed
 By all her sons, from youth to helpless age ;
 While boundless riot, and licentious rage
 In artful guise, or daring outrage plumed,
 The sacred name of *liberty* assumed,
 E'en he, Napoleon, seiz'd the bleeding throne
 Where late her king in royal splendor shone,
 But murder'd now—his race compell'd to fly
 By self-styled foes—the "*foes of tyranny*."

Capricious men ! while freedom they invoke,
 They bend their abject necks beneath *his* yoke,
 Whose tender mercies cruelty betray'd ¹³
 And tyrant hands an iron sceptre sway'd ;
 Who vain of pow'r each deadly art employ'd,
 Till freedom's sacred image was destroy'd ;
 Urg'd by this hope, his reckless course began,
 And summon'd all the dæmon to the man :
 This was the cause, with power usurp'd elate,
 The *land of freedom* felt his deadliest hate ;
 Vain were *her* hopes midst prostrate realms to live,
 His rancor caus'd one dread alternative ;
 As Rome with Carthage knew no middle way,
 Her foe must fall, or she become his prey.
 With wary caution 'gainst deceitful snares,
 Each for a last decisive shock prepares ;
 His soldiers callous to the cries of woe,
 Who nor humanity nor pity know,
 Who, train'd to rapine and licentious lust,
 The brave when vanquish'd trample in the dust,

Who dead to honor, blind to peaceful charms,
 The hope of plunder stimulates to arms ;
 Where every vice of every deepest dye
 And uncheck'd riot flows from victory :
 Though from their hearts humanity is fled
 Yet not alone by baser motives led,
 Former defeats still boil through every vein
 And urge them on to wipe the warrior's stain.
 Far different views the British youth impel,
 With generous ire their manly bosoms swell,
 Their sires' illustrious deeds before their eyes
 Warm every soul and bid the *patriot* rise ;
 The unsullied laurels round their brows entwined,
 Won by their arms, and in their hearts enshrined,
 Inspired they stand at freedom's sacred call,
 To fight, to conquer, or with glory fall.

23

THE
Battle of Waterloo.

CANTO II.

CANTO II.



ARGUMENT.

Rural mirth unembittered by reflection on the approaching battle.—

Description of the night previous to the battle.—The gradual approach of morning.—The first appearance of the enemy.—The advance of the French.—Commencement of the battle on the British right.—Slackened on the right, but more furious on centre and left.—Charge and repulse of the Cuirassiers.—Reflections on the appearance of the field.—Again the battle rages on the right, and shortly after on the whole line.—Gallant defence of the farm-house of La Haye Sainte, at length the place carried and the defenders put to the sword.—The battle again rages with increased fury on the right.—Brave defence of the Chateau Hougoumont.—The Buildings fired by shells, but the British make good their stand in the gardens, &c.—Victory doubtful.—The battalions much reduced.—The last desperate attack of the French.—Their total defeat and rout.—Conclusion.

29

THE
BATTLE OF WATERLOO.

CANTO II.

WHILE various eates that various climes afford,
In rich profusion crown'd the festive board,
And joyous mirth employ'd those sons of peace,
Who late the folds had stripp'd of every fleece,
Who thoughtless, heedless, of the coming strife
Where mighty realms contend for civil life,
While gay of heart; and tuned to sportive glee
They pass'd the night in mirthful revelry,
And blithesome songs bespoke them void of care—
The sterner sons of Mars for war prepare.

Yet e'en that night¹⁴ the elements deform—
 An awful prelude of a deadlier storm.
 But who shall hope in mortal strains to sing
 The tempest's rage when plumed his mightiest wing ;
 Or yet describe their writhing pangs who feel
 The greater fury of the soldier's steel ?
 'Tis heav'n alone can heav'nly strains inspire,
 And warm the genius with Promethean fire.

With vivid glare the forked lightnings flew,
 Swept the broad earth and oped the distant view—
 Alternate darkness spread her gloomiest shade,
 Succeeding light again the scene display'd ;
 The rolling thunder all the horizon round
 Burst in dread peals and shook the solid ground,
 And pregnant clouds, with aqueous treasures stored,
 Wide through the land the livid torrents pour'd :
 But though the Briton in that solemn hour
 Lay unprotected 'gainst the tempest's pow'r,

He felt, while raged the thunder o'er his head,
 No inward clouds to sink his soul with dread,
 But with submission to the chastening rod
 He saw the works, and own'd the pow'r of GOD ;
 On HIM with humble confidence relied ;
 He fear'd not man, and all his rage defy'd.

As yet the doubtful morn's retarded light
 By clouds o'ercast prolong'd the reign of night,
 The dubious point long kept from ardent view
 What to the day, or what to night was due :
 The lingering hours advanced ; then opening day
 Beam'd on the sight and chased the night away :
 'Twas then, half shaded by the lowering sky,
 The hostile Gauls first met the British eye ;
 Through the dark haze a dusky host they seem,
 And glittering helms scarce show one transient gleam.
 What keen sensations then their souls impress'd !
 How glow'd the eye, how heaved the manly breast !

Though ardent, cool, they wait the approaching foe,
 Prepar'd to meet not shun the threaten'd blow ;
 Firmly resolv'd, though death itself the price,
 Their Isle to save, *themselves* the sacrifice.

But see at length the hostile Gauls advance
 Elate with more than Gallic arrogance,
 Vain of their own, they nobler hearts despise,
 While with exulting shouts they rend the skies :
 Now on opposing heights each band is seen
 And one small valley all the space between ;
 O gracious heav'n ! is there a mind so light,
 Can contemplate unmoved that awful sight ?
 But hark ! from line to line the echoes run,
 Tremendous sound, the roar of signal gun ;¹⁵
 Instant the Gauls their choicest squadrons bring
 And press the British on their dexter wing,
 The foot in columns move their ponderous force
 And with fell fury emulate the horse ;

The attack impetuous as the foaming brine,
 Caus'd to recede the still opposing line ;
 At length they stand, a firm compacted field,
 Unus'd to fly, "unknowing how to yield :"
 The artillery then his vengeful rage begun
 And clouds of smoke obscur'd the bright'ning sun ;
 The Gallic squadrons felt its wrathful ire
 And horrid chasms attest the murderous fire,
 Death rode triumphant in the thundering sound,
 While men and steeds bestrew'd th' ensanguin'd ground :
 Again the desperate foe renew'd the attack,
 Again the undaunted Britons drove them back ;
 Still unsubdued to right and left they ope
 Th' extended files to give their cannon scope :
 Though roll the vollies with continuous sweep,
 Their destin'd post the sons of Albion keep,
 The galling cannons rake their solid squares,
 Each vengeful shot some fated victim tears ;
 Where falls a comrade, there his fellows close
 And still a whole unbroken front oppose :

An equal storm the adverse columns feel,
 Shot answering shot and steel oppos'd to steel ;
 Their efforts spent, more weak their slackening fire,
 Faint, not subdued, the unwilling Gauls retire.

Not yet the sword must seek its wonted sheath
 Or find a respite from the work of death ;
 Foil'd on the right a mightier host engage
 The left and centre with redoubled rage ;
 The massy columns nerv'd by ardent hope
 With quick'ning steps press up the opposing slope,
 On either flank to cover the advance
 Tremendous cannon urg'd the cause of France ;
 A broken fence precedes the British line,
 Weak for protection, 'tis O "*Holy*"¹⁶ thine,
 When through each chasm the opposing foes appear
 The sight appalling check'd their quick career :
 Their ardor damp'd, they fearful keep their ground,
 Nor dare like soldiers charge the broken mound ;

Quick on the moment with impetuous speed,
 Through the torn fence the horseman spurs the steed,
 Then rang'd in line a steady front they form
 To meet the fury of the Gallic storm ;
 Repeated volleys through the squadrons pour'd,
 The horse undaunted answer with the sword,
 Not e'en the bayonet stops the furious charge
 Though solid squares present the steely target :
 At length resistless from the shock they fly
 A routed mass of broken infantry :
 Then had destruction seal'd their endless doom
 And hurl'd them headlong to a warrior's tomb,
 Had not the horsemen to their succour sped,
 And sav'd the remnant of the troops that fled.

Dread in appearance, fam'd for warlike deeds,
 The men gigantic, ponderous the steeds,
 Their bodies guarded by the strong cuirass,
 A bright envelope form'd of polish'd brass,

Safe in their mail they fearless seek the foe,
 Nor dread the vengeance of the sabre's blow,
 Whose mightiest force innoxious gives no pain
 And e'en the musket spends his rage in vain.

On, hand to hand, the adverse squadrons dash,
 The chargers foam, the glittering sabres clash,
 Long undismay'd the *light* hussars ¹⁷ contend,
 Whose dauntless hearts no sword-proof plates defend,
 But though devoted and resign'd to bleed,
 Borne down by *weight* the gallant troops recede:
 The Gauls elate pour forth the exulting shout,
 Press on their foe and strive to urge the rout,
 Ah little thinking they would feel so soon
 The deadly vengeance of the fierce dragoon!
 Short was their triumph, e'er compell'd to try
 The weightier shock of *heavy* cavalry.

A desperate charge the cuirassiers oppose,
 And thrust for thrust, and blows return for blows,

But still in vain the British sabres fall,
 Whose strokes rebounded from a brazen wall.
 At length more wary, with experience stor'd,
 They now apply *the science of the sword* : ¹⁸
 Just at the juncture of the arm and chest
 Where meet the mail-plates of the back and breast,
 In gentle curve they leave an opening way
 To fit the shape, and give the shoulder play ;
 Some watch the moment while the uplifted arm,
 Urg'd by a feint, protects the head from harm,
 To reach with lightning speed the unguarded part
 And through the opening penetrate the heart ;
 Some skill'd with dextrous art deceive their foe,
 Cut through the face and lay the opponent low ;
 Some at the breastplate thrust which upward glides,
 Pierces the jaw, or else the neck divides ;
 And some more quick the unguarded throat observe,
 Drive to the spine, and cut the dorsal nerve :
 Long time they fac'd the charge, still undismay'd,
 Though hundreds fell beneath the reeking blade,

Worn out at length, they find their efforts vain,
 Then turn the head and fly the deathful plain :
 If great the carnage in contending fight,
 'Tis tenfold now more murderous in the flight :
 Close press'd behind, the generous horse they spur
 In hopes to 'scape the vengeful scymetar,
 Avoiding this they meet a fate unseen
 And headlong plunge within the deep ravine,
 There undistinguish'd men and horses lie
 And find that doom they vainly thought to fly.

How awful now appears the sanguine plain !
 Mid groans of dying, and mid heaps of slain,
 Here flies the charger with resistless bound
 And drags his wounded rider on the ground ;
 There drops the steed struck by some fated ball
 And kills the horseman with his thundering fall ;
 Here the poor wounded soldier bleeding lay
 Whose limbs the rancorous shot had torn away,

To soothe his anguish watchful by his side
 His tender wife her every effort tried,
 When lo ! (the passport to eternal rest)
 Some winged fury tears her faithful breast.
 O peerless Britain ! know 'tis only thine,
 Of all the realms where female virtues shine,
 Thine, only thine, where in one bosom blend,
 The wife, the lover, and the ardent friend :
 Lo ! there a contrast ! by base avarice led,
 Some human monster strips his comrade dead ;
 Or else refin'd in cruelty, outstretch
 The torturing hand to maim some helpless wretch.
 Here uncontroll'd, the graceful war-horse flies,
 To catch the steed some murderous plunderer tries ;
 Obtain'd at length, the prize in triumph leads,
 How short the joy ! his instant death succeeds.

But see again the undecided fight
 Renew'd with rage, redoubled on the right.

Again, the squadrons form'd in columns try
 To pluck the doubtful wreath of victory.
 Onward they dash, nor can the opposing force
 Stem the first fury of the torrent's course,
 Nay, e'en th' artillery shuns the fierce essay,
 And, for a moment, falls the Gallic prey;
 But when recovered from the furious shock,
 Their post keep stedfast as the solid rock.
 The foremost squares like *bastions* 19 take their stand,
 And flank the line of each intrusive band.
 Those to the rearward shew the *curtain's* face,
 And front the approach 'twixt every opening space.
 Thus form'd, a living rampire they present,
 Give mutual help, and joint defeat prevent.
 Direct,—transverse,—the deathful volleys fly
 Awhile the Gauls its utmost force defy,
 With maddening fury, reckless of their fate,
 E'en at the bayonet point discharge their hate:
 Not yet dismay'd, though former efforts fail'd,
 Again the left and centre are assail'd.

More furious now the wrathful contest grew,
 While missile deaths with tenfold vengeance flew ;
 See there ! the rural harmony deranged,
 The peaceful cottage to a fortress chang'd ;
 This to secure the adverse hosts contend,
 The Gauls attack, the British troops defend,
 Now driven back, a distant warfare wage,
 Again advance, redoubled in their rage.
 Their shot all spent, the brave defendants stand
 True to their post, and fight it hand to hand.
 Although o'erwhelm'd, they nobly scorn to fly,
 But still maintain the last extremity,
 E'en 'gainst the *storm* each gallant soldier strives,
 And only yield possession with their lives.

Meanwhile the contest thickens on the right,
 And dreadful carnage shocks the offended sight,
 The gay chateau, where late the graces smil'd,
 Where temperate mirth the passing hours beguil'd ;

The abode of bliss, of each domestic scene,
 Of calm retirement, to the mind serene,
 Of health, of wealth, and mightier still of love,
 Yea, every mingled blessing interwove,
 Becomes e'en now, (its peaceful inmates flown)
 The ruin'd seat where slaughter rears her throne.
 In this immur'd, a gallant few remain,
 The important post the Gauls attempt to gain ;
 Though oft repuls'd, yet still their hearts unquell'd,
 To *storm* the place again their course they held.
 The assailants now infuriate became,
 Impell'd not more by glory than by shame,
 Shot of all kinds from every engine thrown,
 Break down the doors, and force the very stone.
 Through every opening in the batter'd walls,
 The brave defendants show'r the deadly balls,
 While slaughter'd hosts the furious conflict tell,
 Not those can enter, nor can these repel.
 Horrific mortars now their charge explode,
 Through the torn roof descends the ponderous load,

Then instant bursting from the ignited fuze,
 Wide round the spot a mangled carnage strews;
 Shell after shell emit their fiery rays,
 Till all the building form one general blaze.
 Triumphant shouts arise from Gallia's sons,
 Through every rank redoubled ardor runs.
 Driv'n by the flames to quit the burning pile,
 Within the gardens now the troops defile;
 Here desperation seiz'd the attacking band,
 Here the repellants took their rooted stand.
 Front against front an arduous fight maintain,
 While streams of blood bespeak the numbers slain;
 Now trees thrown down impede the furious throng,
 Now urgent zeal propels their force along,
 Yet is their mightiest rage of no avail,
 And spent with toil at length their efforts fail.

Evening arriv'd, but awful in the extreme,
 Not yet can victory swell the glorious theme :

Throughout the day what bleeding thousands fell,
 Alas! the thinn'd brigades too plainly tell;
 And yet e'en victory holds her doubtful scale,
 Unknowing which shall finally prevail.

One desperate effort now the Gauls intend,
 To bring the contest to decisive end,
 Their chosen troops, with animated cry,
 March gaily on for death or victory.
 Once more th' artillery 'gan its dreadful play,
 True to its aim and swept whole files away,
 Unaw'd they march, though still as they proceed,
 From each discharge the throng'd battalions bleed;
 Now near advanc'd, the glorious sight imparts
 New life and vigor to the British hearts.
 Instant their squares each compact front enlarge,
 Prompt to obey they hail the word to "*Charge!*"
 'Tis done, they fly! the Gallic armies fly!
 And from the bayonet turn the averted eye.

"Charge!" "Charge!" along the British line resounds,
 Charge on their rear from rank to rank rebounds.
 What dreadful carnage now o'ertakes their host!
 Shot, shells, and steel an equal vengeance boast!
 Struck with a panic at the conqueror's shout,
 Quickly the flight becomes a broken rout.
 Here cannons, tumbrils, baggage, choak the way,
 Clinging to life, impatient of delay,
 The flying wretches, each for self alone,
 Destroy their comrades' lives to save their own:
 E'en then, how few escape the fate they fear,
 The sword still hangs upon their broken rear,
 But such the fury (Oh! the cause bewail)
 Scarce one remains to tell the dreadful tale.

The work of death is done, yet still her song
 In Britain's praise the muse would fain prolong,
 Would, were her pow'r but equal to her will,
 Swell to a mighty stream her slender rill,

Exalt her voice to praise each gallant son,
 But chiefest thee, O godlike WELLINGTON !
 Strength of her strength thou bow'd her rival's knee,
 And all her glory emanates from thee.
 Nor can she fail brave UXBRIDGE ²¹ to descry,
 The plume of war, the soul of chivalry ;
 Nor PICTON thou, the British soldier's friend,
 Untimely and yet glorious in thy end.
 But who can count the sands ? e'en he might name
 The lengthen'd numbers of the sons of fame ;
 Nor 'mongst her humbler sons shall Shaw ²² e'er die,
 Immortal deeds defy mortality :
 Posterity shall read the glowing page
 That paints the glories of a former age,
 Then shall their bosoms burn with patriot fires,
 And if their country calls, they'll emulate their sires.

O gracious God ! that hears the suppliant's pray'rs,
 Who, turn'd from wrath, the harden'd sinner spares,

Avert the awful scourge, may ne'er again
The flames of war destroy the lives of men,
Close up the ghastly wounds the sword has made,
Command, O GOD, and be thy voice obey'd!

A SONG

SACRED TO THE MEMORY OF THOSE BRAVE MEN WHO FELL IN THE

BATTLE OF WATERLOO.

WHILE martial pomps rise on the view,
And loud acclaim exalts the brave,
The tears of beauty shall bedew
The fallen victor's laurell'd grave ;
Flow, mournful flow, and sacred be the tear,
To grace the hero's fall, whose bright career
Is clos'd in victory.

2.

For them the cypress wreath entwine,
Let friendship hold their memory dear,
In kindred breasts their hearts enshrine,
Flow, mournful flow, the sacred tear ;
Dried be the tear and hush'd the murmuring breath,
They yet shall rise, and crush the tyrant, Death,
In joyful victory.

NOTES.

CANTO I.

1. "*Or by the crimson or the paler rose.*"

The device of the Lancastrians, descendants of John of Ghent, duke of Lancaster, fourth son of Edward III. was a red rose; that of the Yorkists, descendants of Edmund, duke of York, fifth son of Edward, was a white rose. The contests, which for thirty years deluged the kingdom with

blood, ended with the death of Richard III. at the battle of Bosworth, and the possibility of a renewal prevented by the union of the two contending Houses, in the persons of Henry Tudor, earl of Richmond, of the House of Lancaster, afterwards Henry VII. and Elizabeth, daughter of Edward IV. the representative of the House of York.

2. ———“*thy latest breath.*”

The king was attended to the scaffold by Juxon, bishop of London; the moment before he stretched out his neck to the executioner, he said to Juxon, with a very earnest accent, the single word “Remember.”

3. ———“*treacherous to thy friend.*”

The king, in passing the bill of attainder against the earl of Strafford, contrary to every principle of justice, who to him

at least had been a faithful minister and friend, did in effect sign his own death-warrant ; none daring to confide in him after his abandonment of the earl to the fury of the parliament.

4. "*School'd in a vicious court.*"

It may with truth be asserted, that the troubles which afflicted England in the reign of Charles, owed their origin to the tyrannical disposition of James I. and the slavish and sycophantic propensity of his court; while the doctrines of this monarch were merely insinuated, the people' not *feeling* their force took little notice ; but when, in the reign of his son, they were acted upon and enforced, what the consequences were is known to every one.

5. "*Its poison, Upas like.*"

The Bohon Upas, a fabulous tree said to grow in the island of Java, whose deleterious influence is such, as to cause the death of all animals that come within the reach of its effluvia. The climate, however, of Java is particularly unhealthy.

6. "*And suck'd with fiend-like gust the spouting gore.*"

It is asserted as a fact, that the Poissardes of Paris at the time of the revolution, actually sucked the blood of those unfortunate human beings, who fell victims to their fury.

7. ——"the sable Edward."

Edward, the Black Prince, eldest son of Edward III. so called from the color of his armour. He was not fourteen years of age at the battle of Cressy. It was in this memor-

able battle that cannon were first used : four pieces planted on a hill are said to have done great execution among the French ; but probably the effect produced is to be ascribed more to the novelty of the thing than the actual injury sustained. The king of Bohemia, who, though blind, would be present at this battle, causing his horse's bridle to be tied to those of two brave knights, was slain according to his wish in fighting for France. His standard, on which were embroidered in gold, three ostrich feathers with these words, ICH DIEN, that is, *I serve*, was taken and brought to the prince, who, in memory of that day, bore three ostrich feathers for his crest with the same motto ; which has been continued by all succeeding princes of Wales.

8. ——— "*her Henry's name.*"

Henry V.

9. "*His troops forlorn,*" &c.

It is impossible adequately to describe the forlorn state of the English army at the battle of Agincourt, reduced in numbers by the long and severe siege of Harfleur, and by the havoc of diseases frequently attendant upon war; harassed by a long and difficult march, and suffering under the two-fold distresses of severe bodily illness and privations of every kind, they were opposed in their passage to Calais by a body of French, which, according to the lowest calculation, amounted to ten times their own number. Notwithstanding this great disparity of force, both numerical and physical, did the English gain a complete victory.

10. "*The faithless Louis.*"

Louis XIV. This unprincipled monarch saw in the latter end of his reign, the labors of a whole life of conquest and oppression torn from him.

11. "*Then desperate plunge,*" &c.

In this battle, (the battle of Blenheim) thirty squadrons of horse were driven into the Danube, where the greater part perished.

12. ——— "*the muse of Addison.*"

The "Campaign," written by Addison, has been attempted to be ridiculed under the appellation of a "Gazette in Rhyme;" it is, however, if not of the very highest order of poetry, far superior to many, I might almost say most, of *modern* productions.

13. "*Whose tender mercies, &c.*"

"The tender mercies of the wicked are cruel."—*Proverbs of Solomon.*

NOTES.

CANTO II.

14. "*Yet e'en that night,*" &c.

The night, as if the elements meant to match their fury with that which was preparing for the morning, was stormy in the extreme, accompanied by furious gusts of wind, heavy bursts of rain, continued and vivid flashes of lightning, and the loudest thunder our officers had ever heard.—*Paul's Letters.*

15. "*The roar of signal-gun.*"

It is said Buonaparte fired the first gun with his own hand, which is at least doubtful.—*Paul's Letters.*

16. "'Tis O "*Holy*" thine."

La Haye Sainte, or the Holy Hedge. This fence gives name to an adjoining farm-house.

17. ——— "*the light hussars contend.*"

It is at least certain, that after the most undaunted exertions on the part of the officers, seconding those of the earl of Uxbridge, our light cavalry were found to suffer cruelly in their unequal encounter with the ponderous and sword-proof cuirassiers, and even with the lancers. Many were killed, and several made prisoners, some of whom the French afterwards

massacred in cold blood. It was upon this occasion, that Sir John Elley, now quarter-master general, requested and obtained permission to bring up the heavy brigade, consisting of the Life Guards, the Oxford Blues, and Scotch Greys, and made a charge, the effect of which was tremendous. Notwithstanding the weight and armour of the cuirassiers, and the power of the horses, they proved altogether unable to withstand the shock of the heavy brigade, being literally rode down both horse and man, while the strength of the British soldiers was no less pre-eminent, when they mingled and fought hand to hand.—*Paul's Letters.*

18. ———“*the science of the sword.*”

It is asserted, and there may probably be some truth in the assertion, that the British cavalry have a decided advantage over the French in the use of the sword, and that this is to be attributed in a great measure to the British sabre having but a single guard over the hand, which allows great

freedom to the wrist, whereas the French, being encumbered with a basket-hilt, have not an equal freedom, and find it difficult either to make or parry the upward cuts.

19. ———“*like bastions take their stand.*”

In fortification a bastion is a projecting work to flank the approach of an enemy, when attempting to storm the curtain, which is the wall connecting two bastions. The similarity of various battalions drawn up in alternate squares is obvious.

20. ———“*one general blaze.*”

On the right, Hougoumont continued to be as fiercely assailed, but more successfully defended. The carnage in that point was dreadful; The French at length had recourse to shells, by which they set on fire, first, a large stack of hay in the farm-yard, and then the chateau itself. Many of the

wounded had been carried into the chateau for shelter, and, horrible to relate, could not be withdrawn from it when it took fire. But the guards continued to make good the garden and the court-yard, and the enemy's utmost efforts proved unable to dispossess them.—*Paul's Letters.*

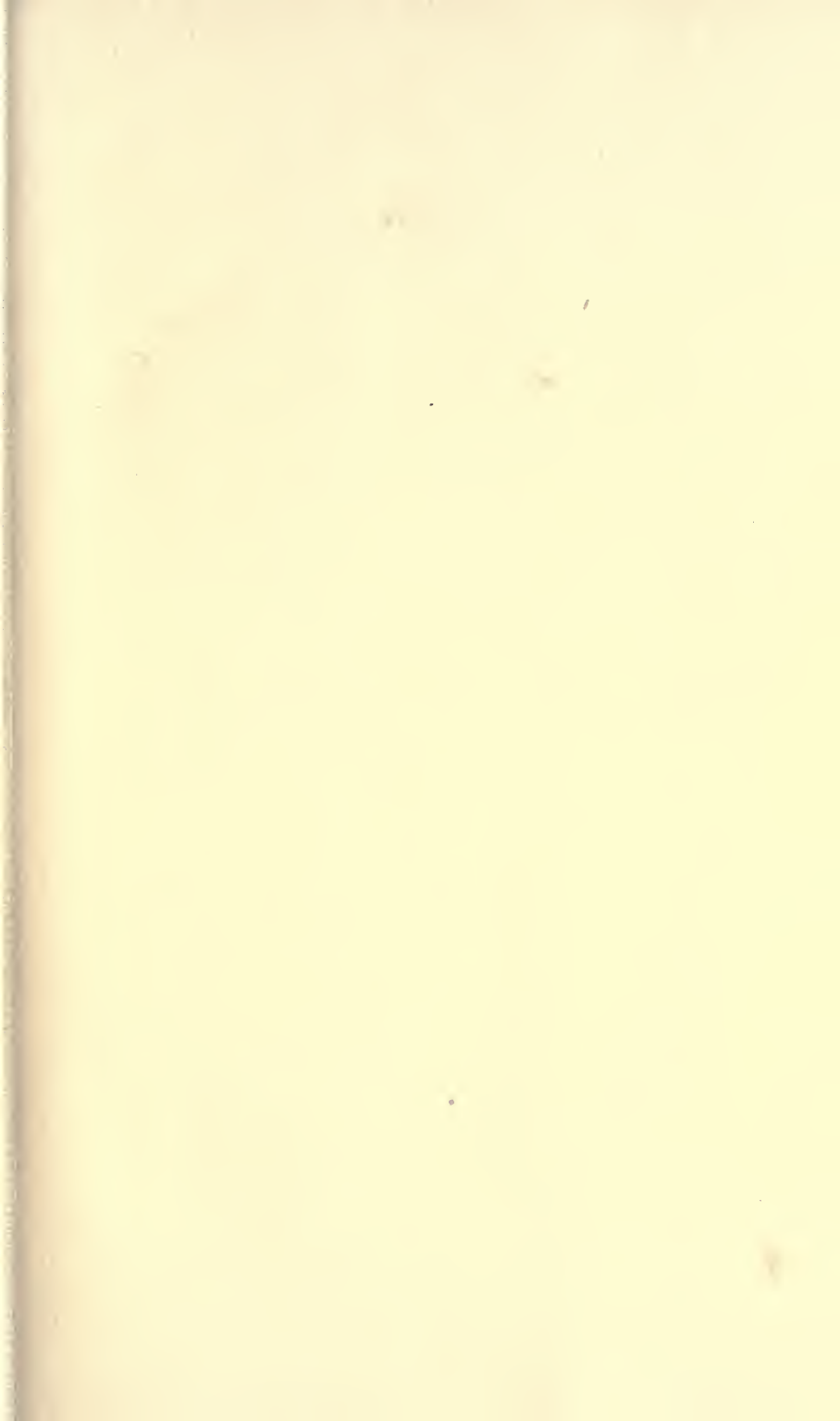
21. ————“*brave Uxbridge to descry.*”

This gallant nobleman was wounded at the latter end of the day, and, in consequence, suffered amputation of the thigh. For his conduct in this battle he was created Marquis of Anglesea.

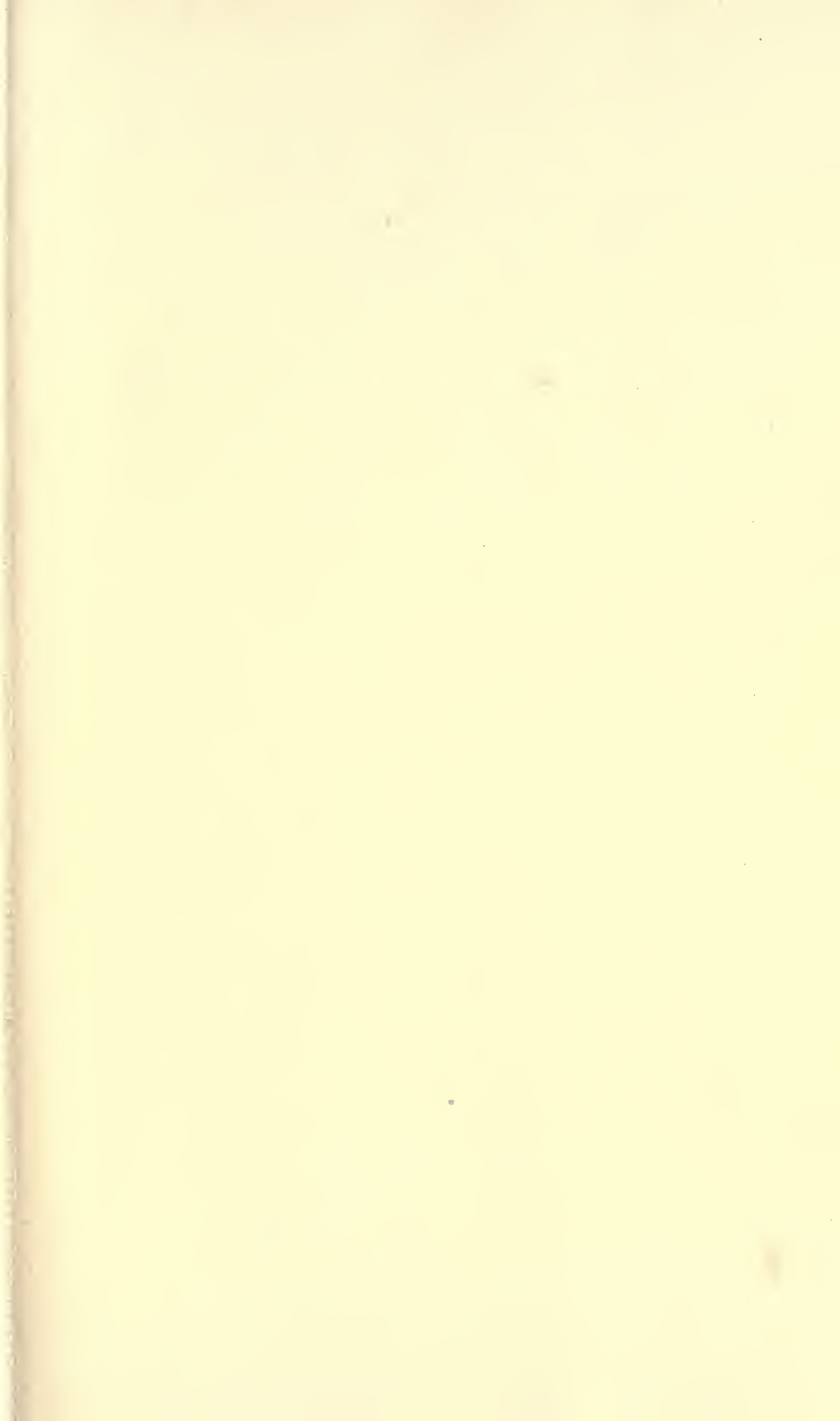
22. ————“*shall Shaw e'er die.*”

Amid the confusion presented by the fiercest and closest cavalry fight which had ever been seen, many individuals distinguished themselves by feats of personal strength and valor.

Among these should not be forgotten Shaw, a corporal of the Life-guards, well-known as a pugilistic champion, and equally formidable as a swordsman. He is supposed to have slain or disabled ten Frenchmen with his own hand, before he was killed by a musket or pistol shot.—*Paul's Letters.*









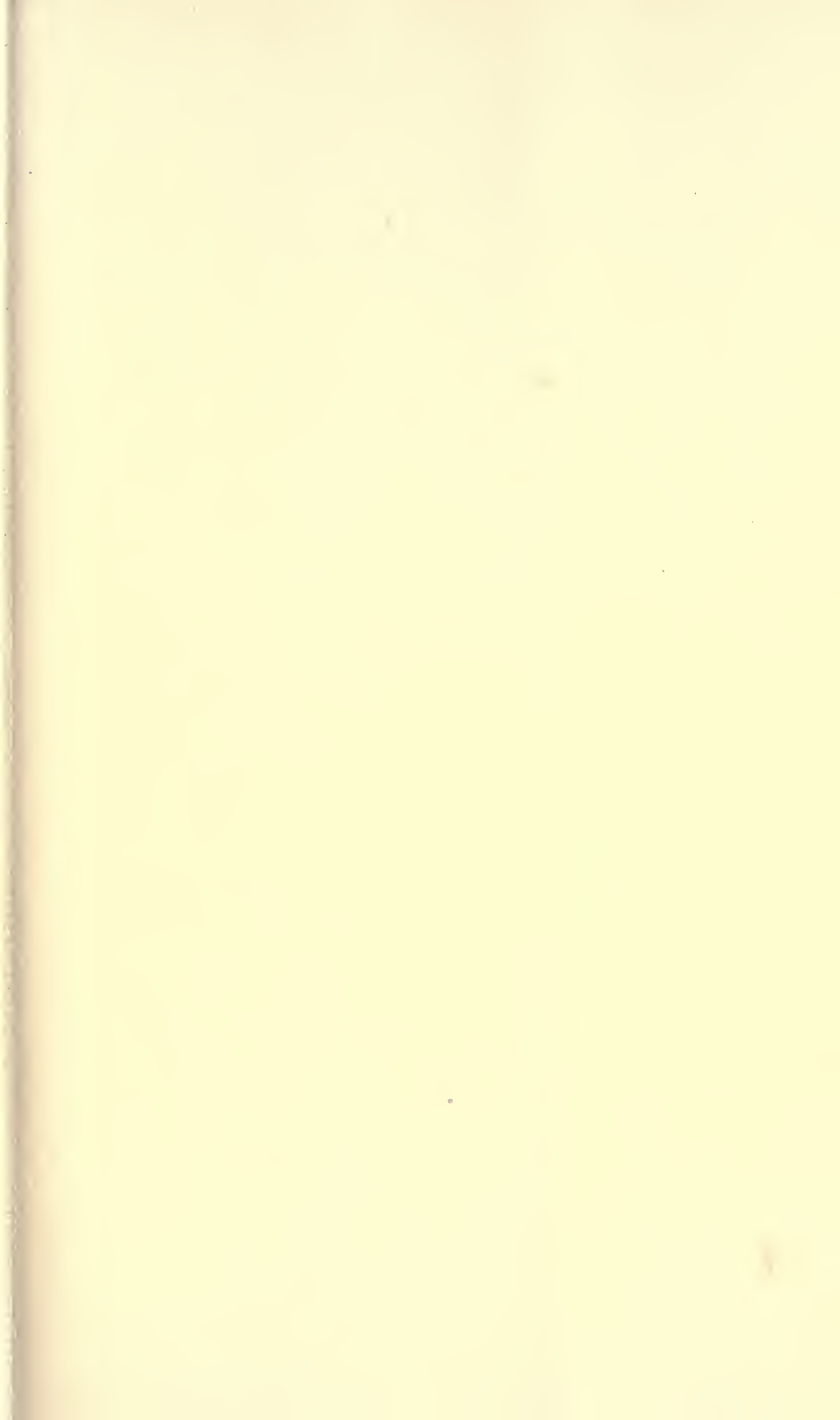


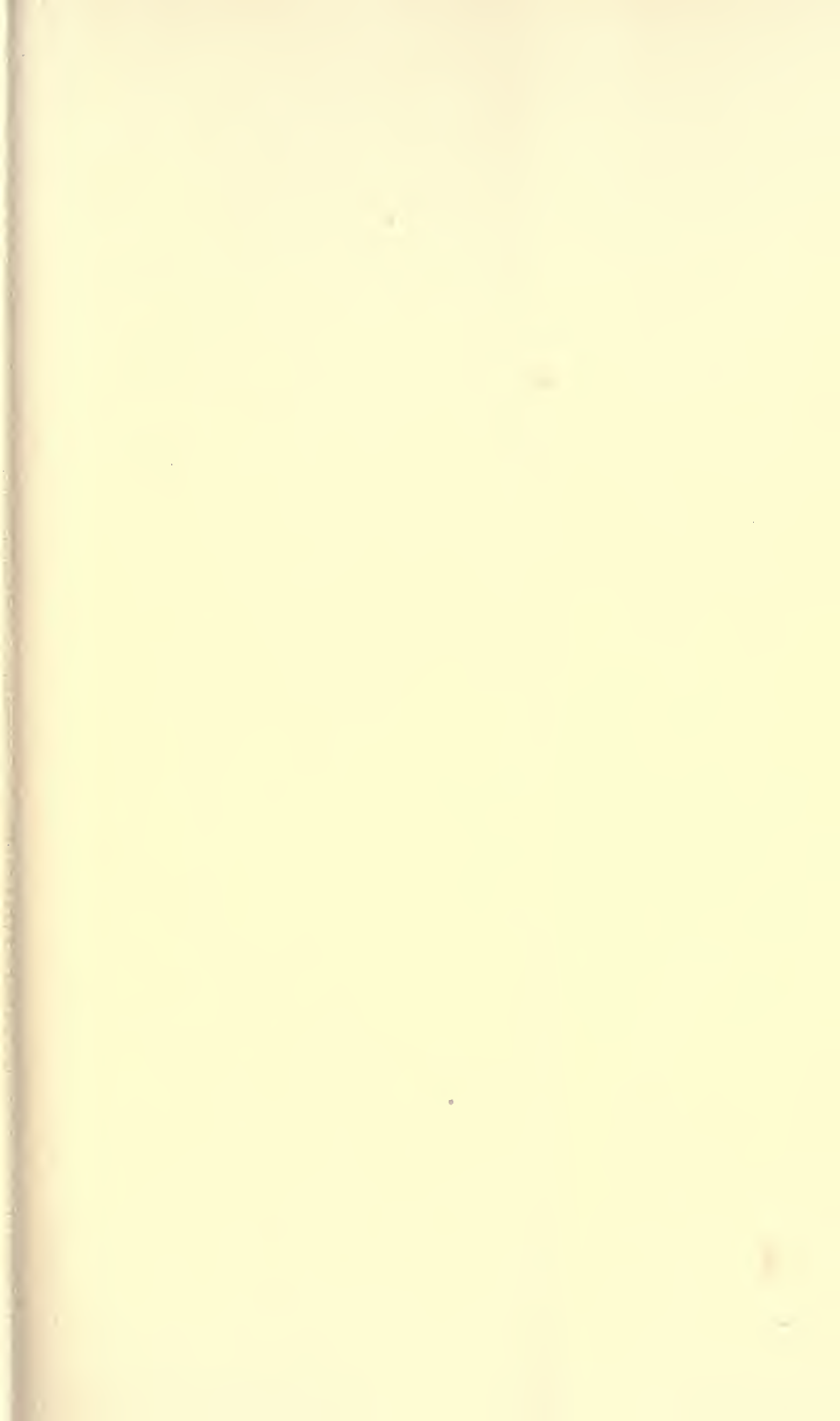


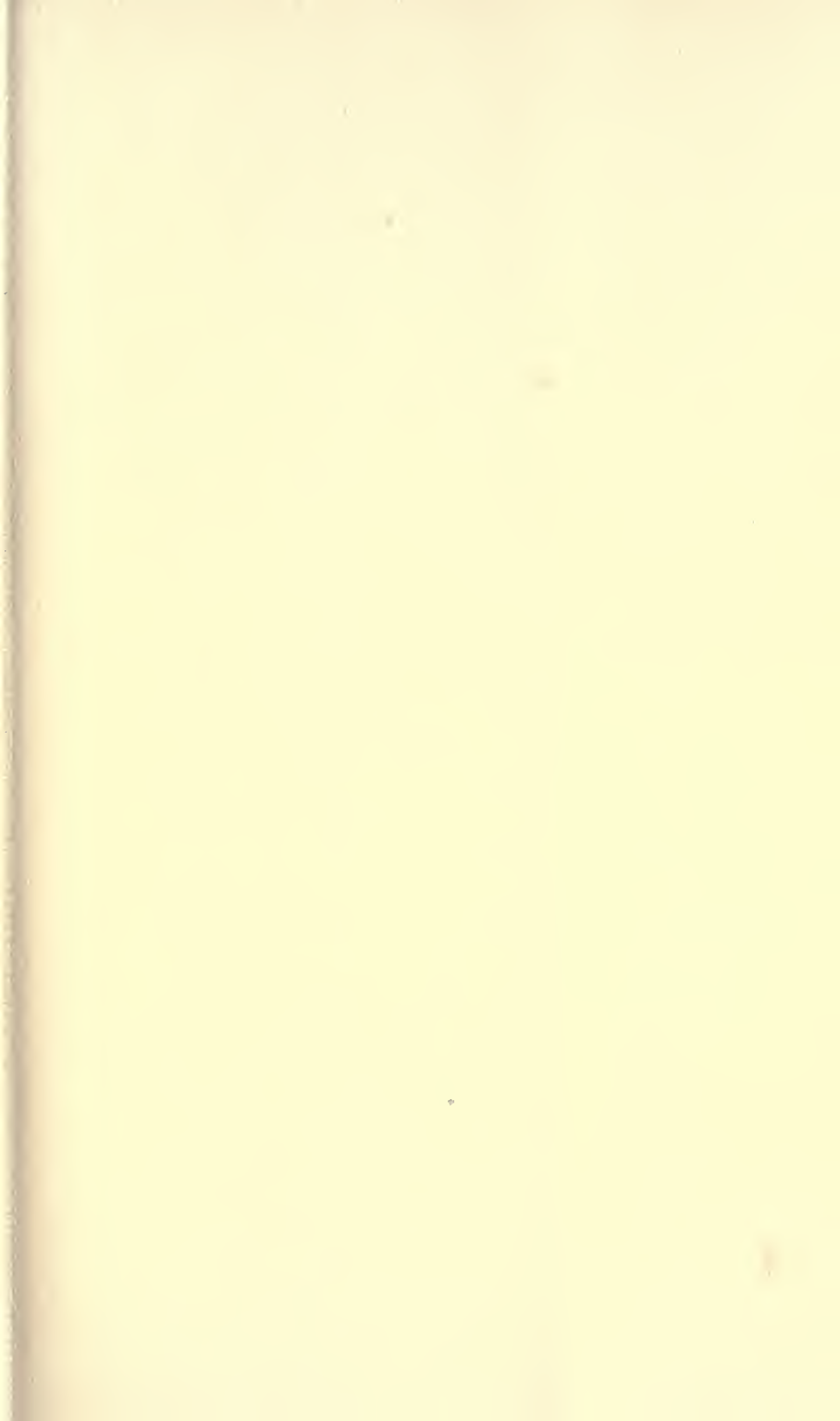


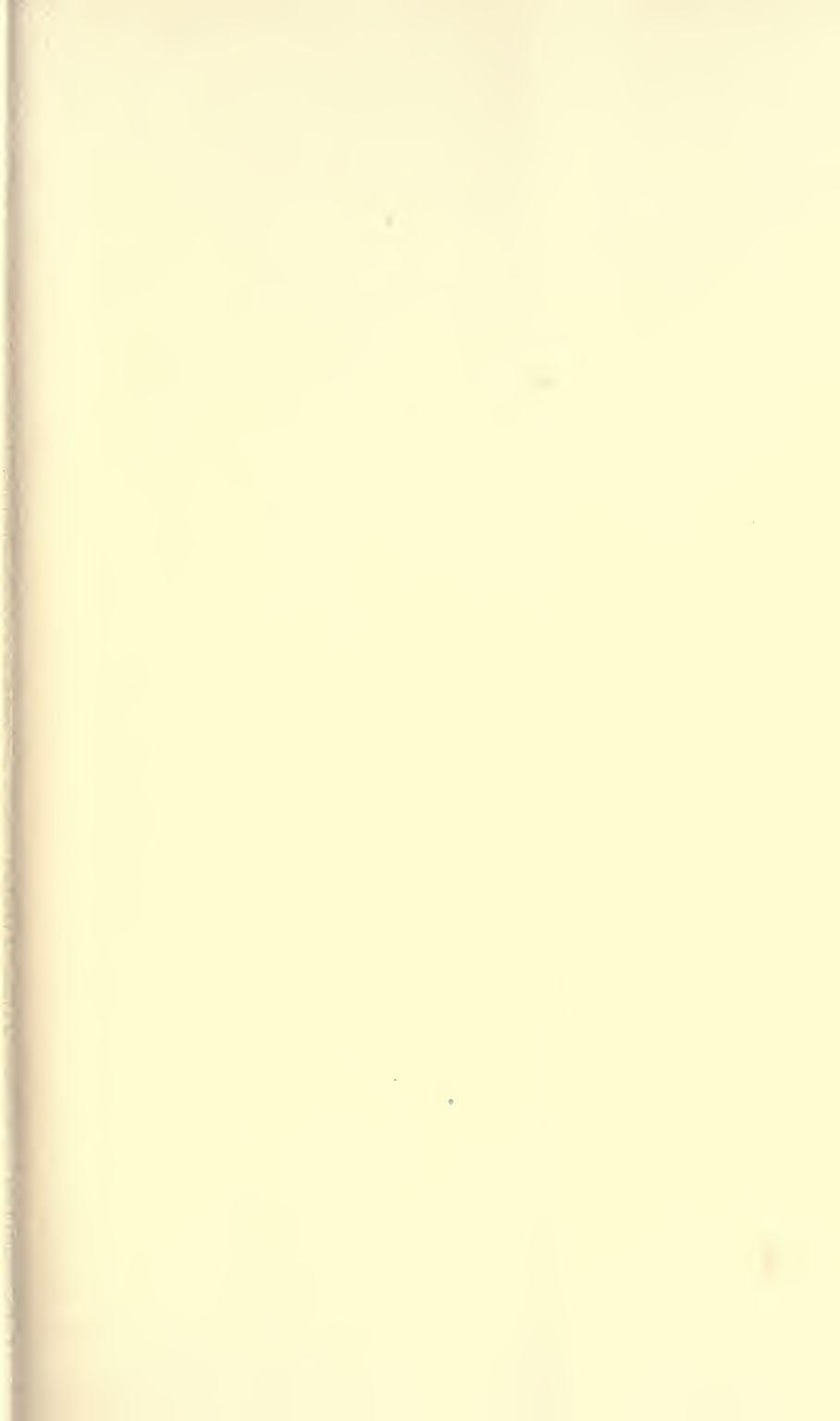




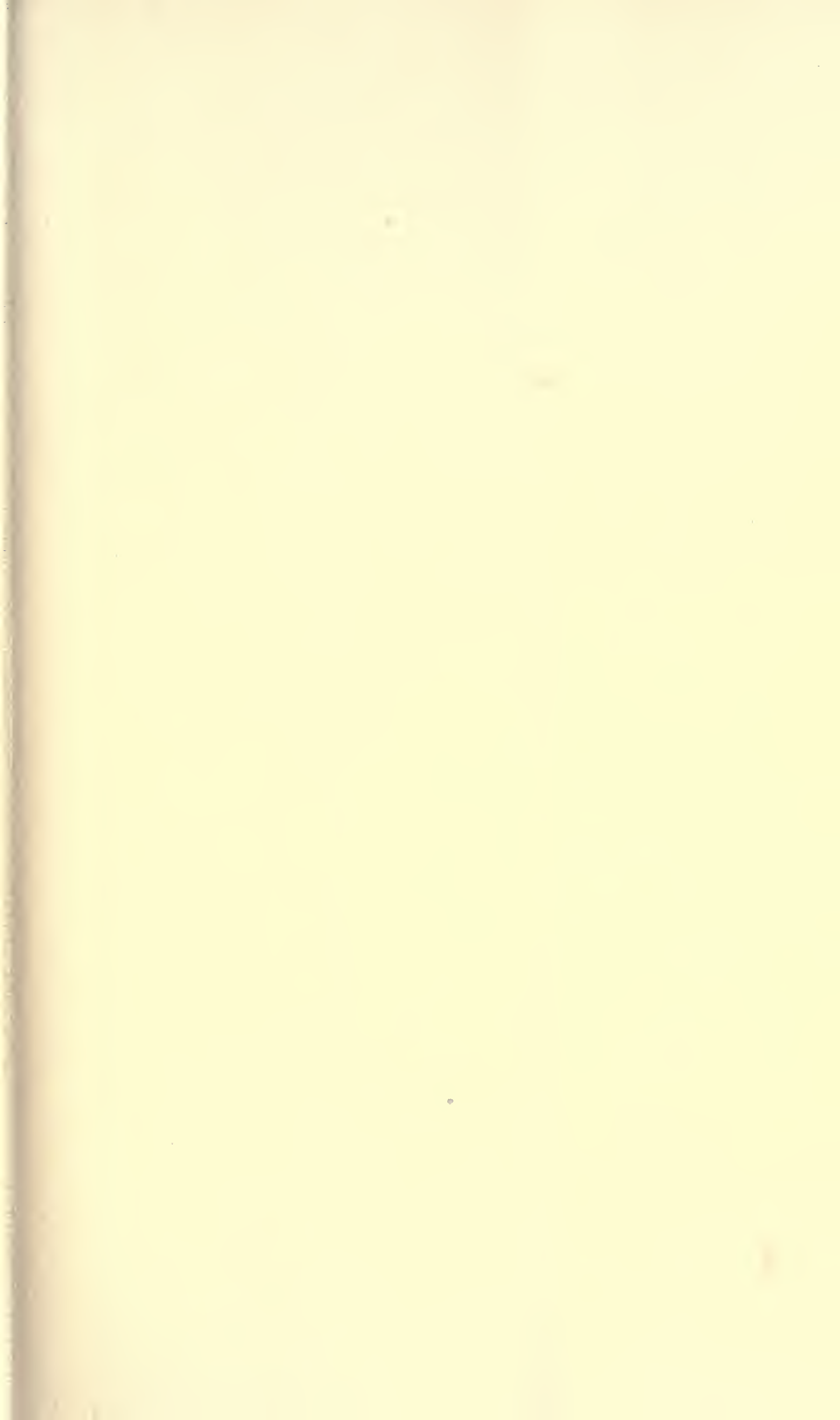




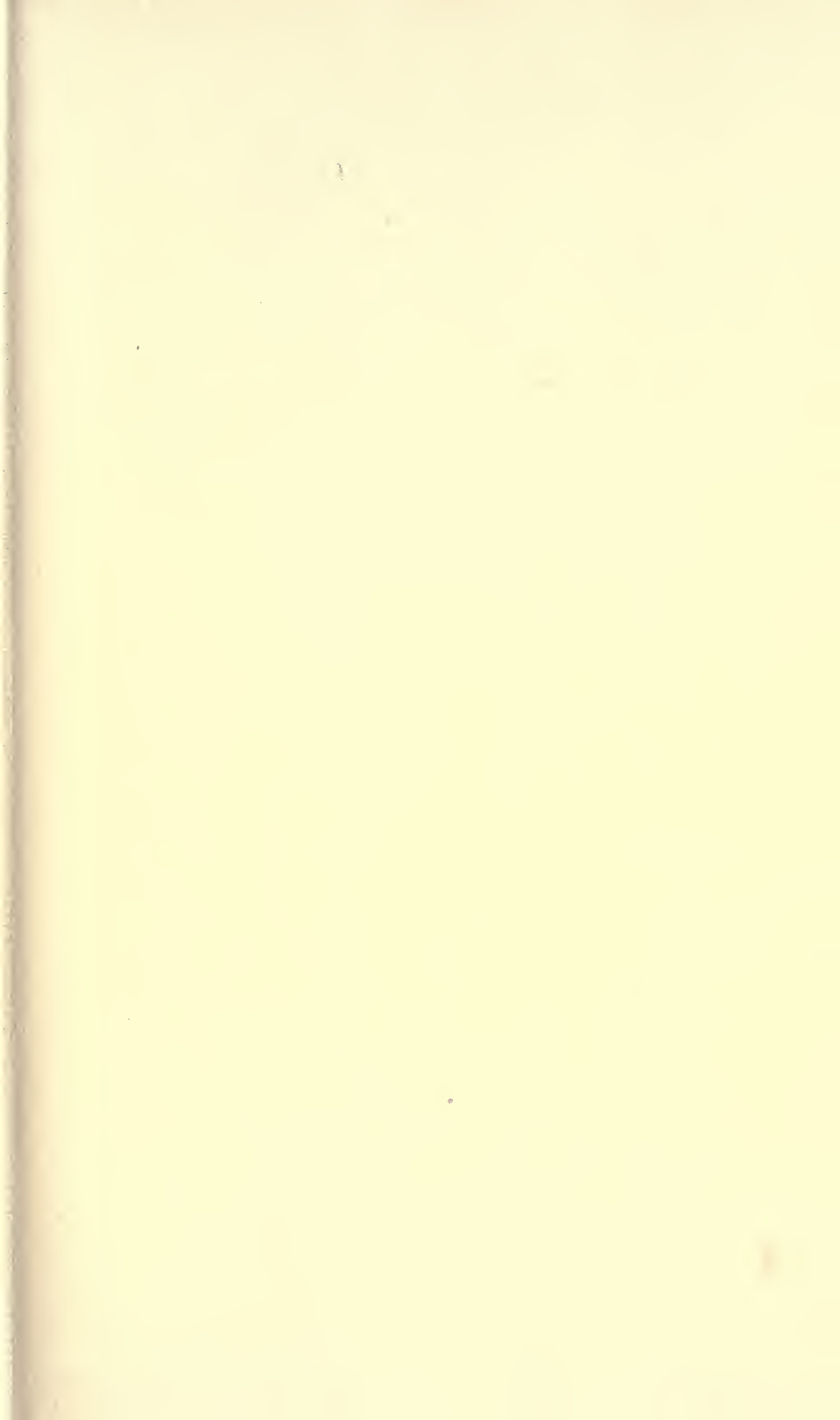






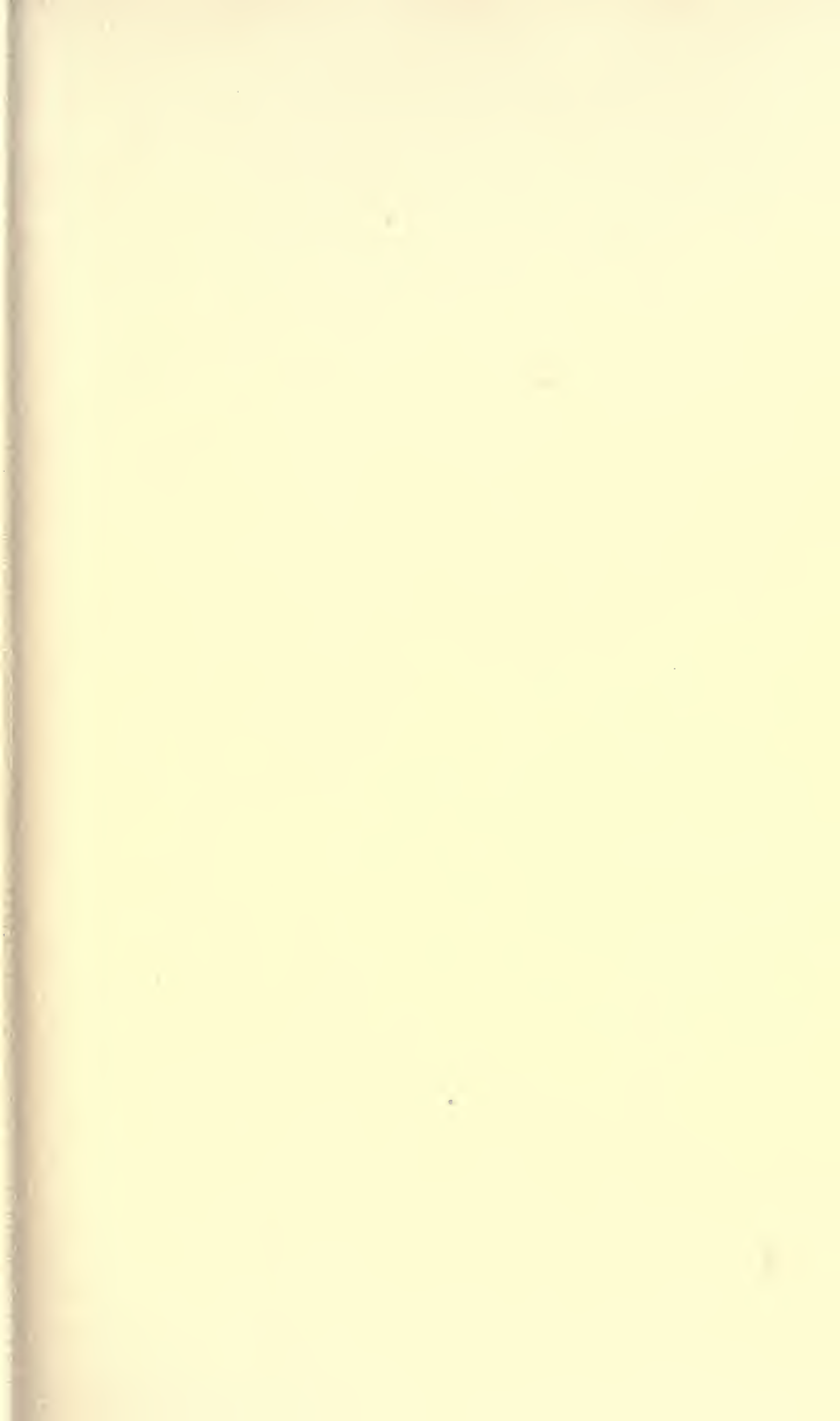


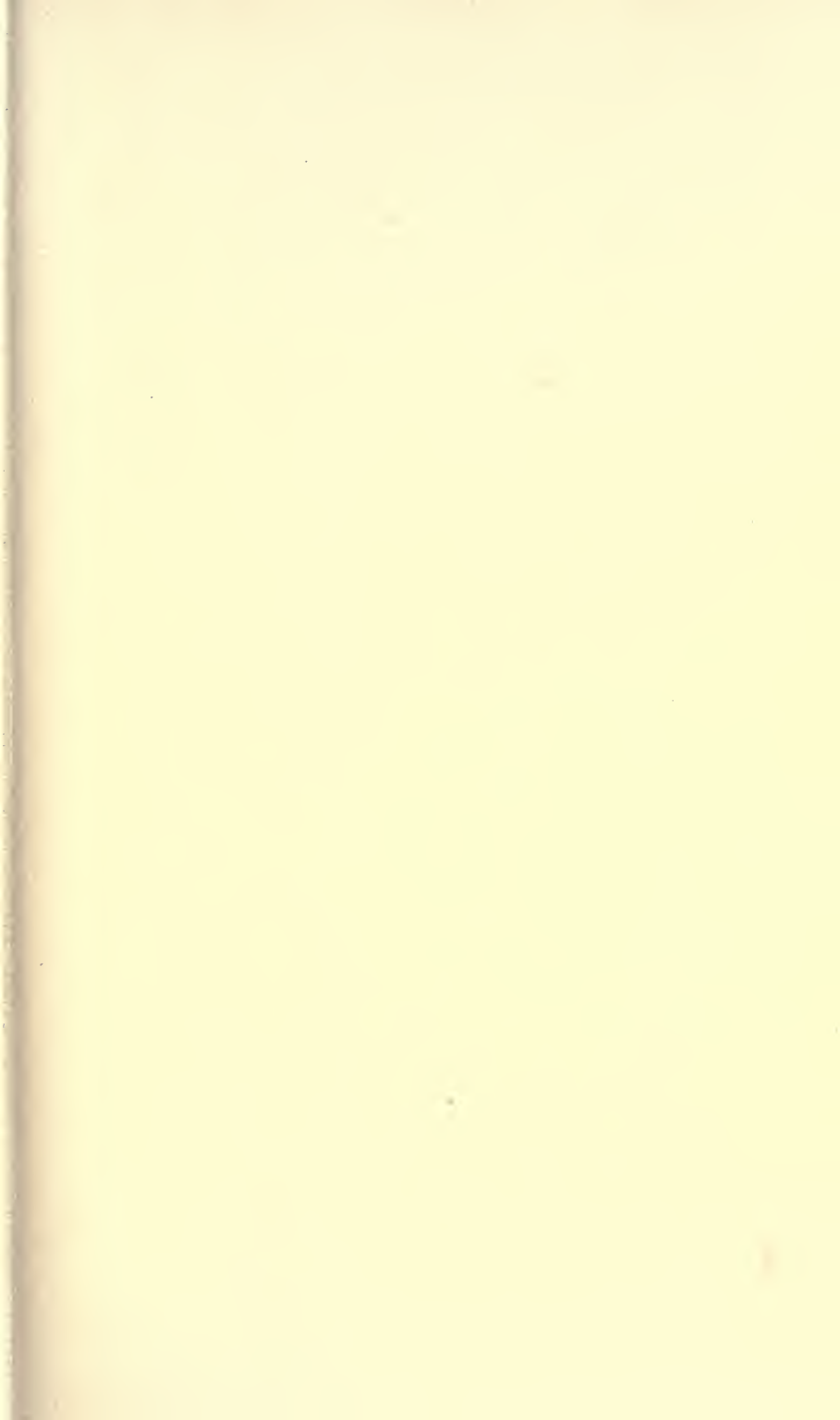




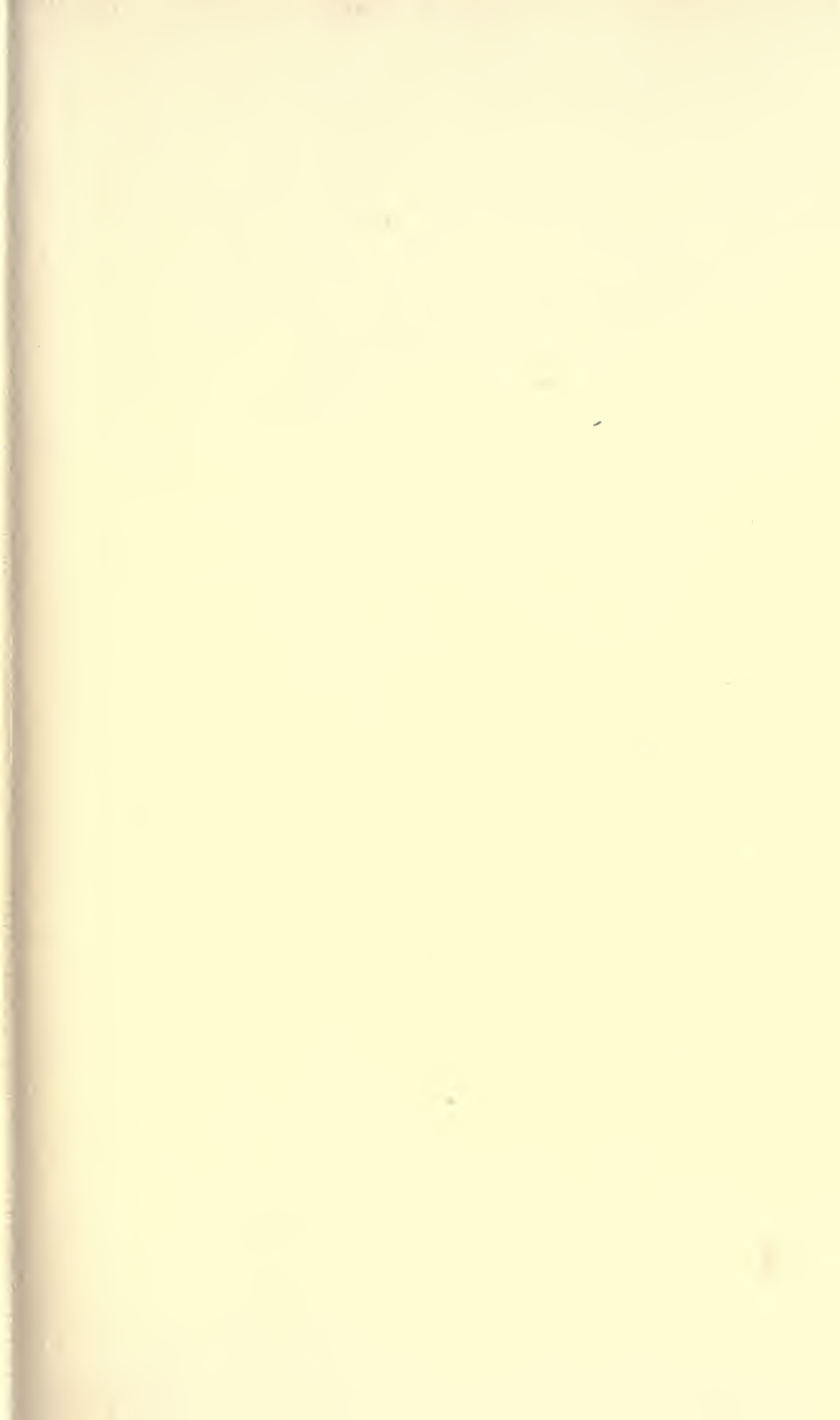


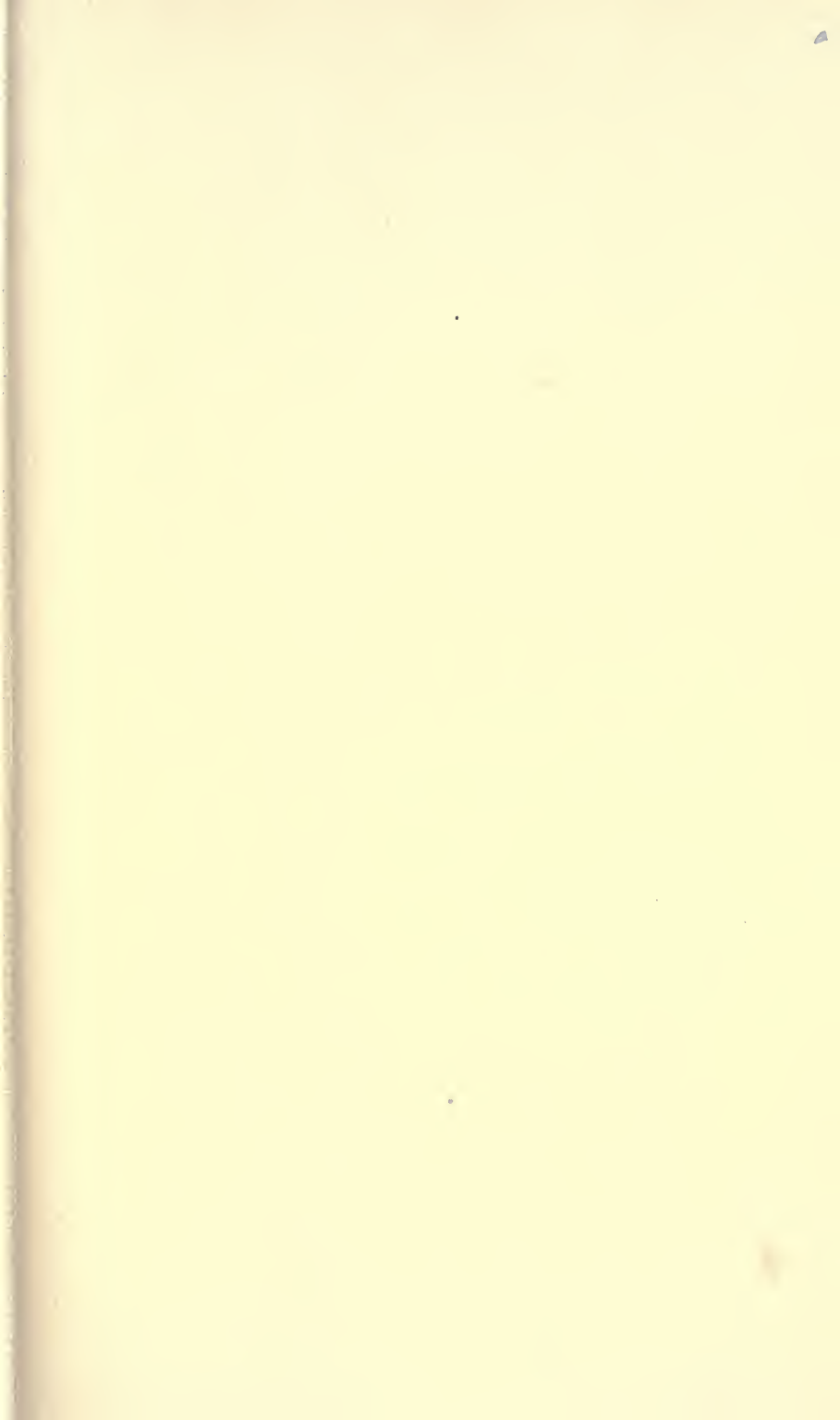




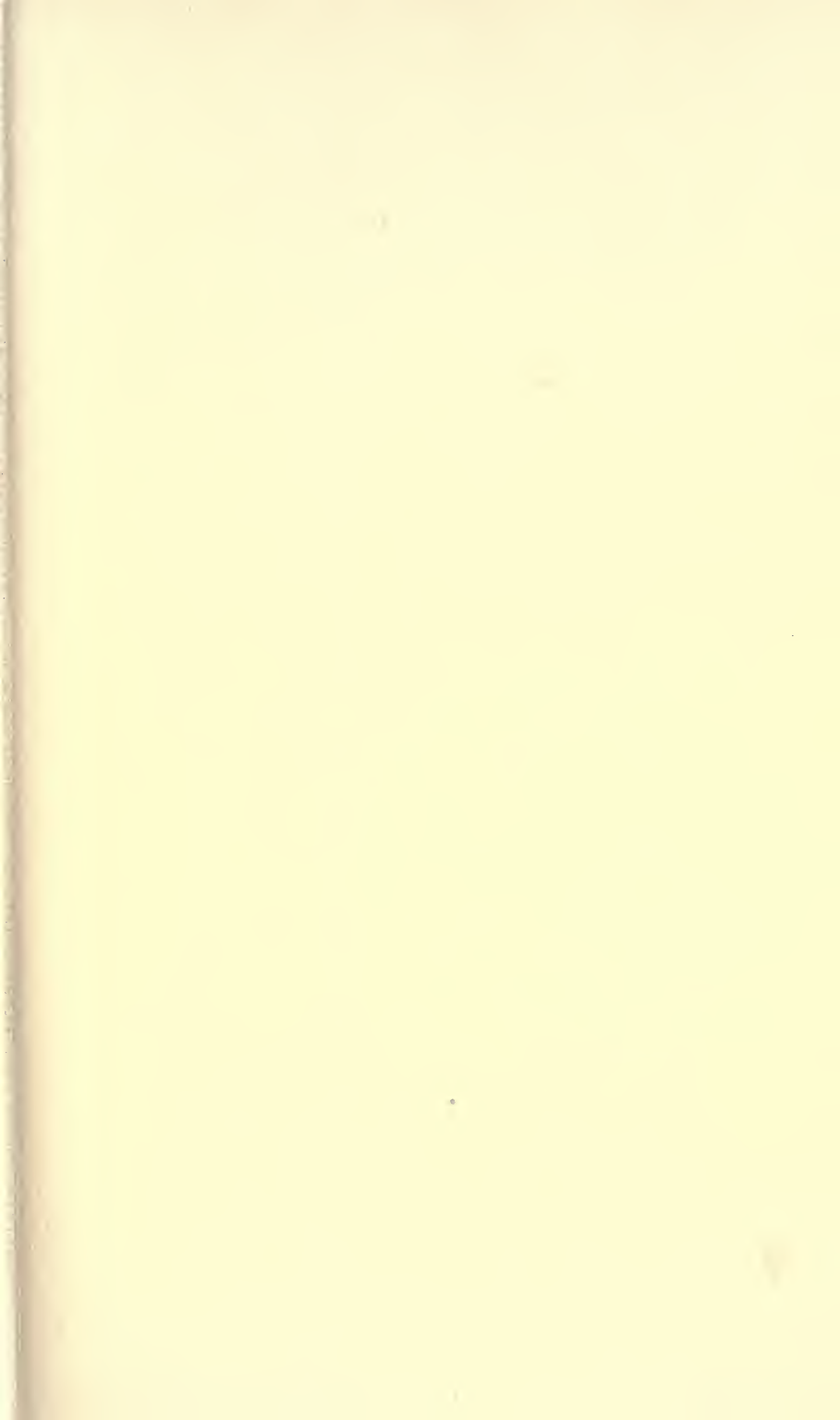


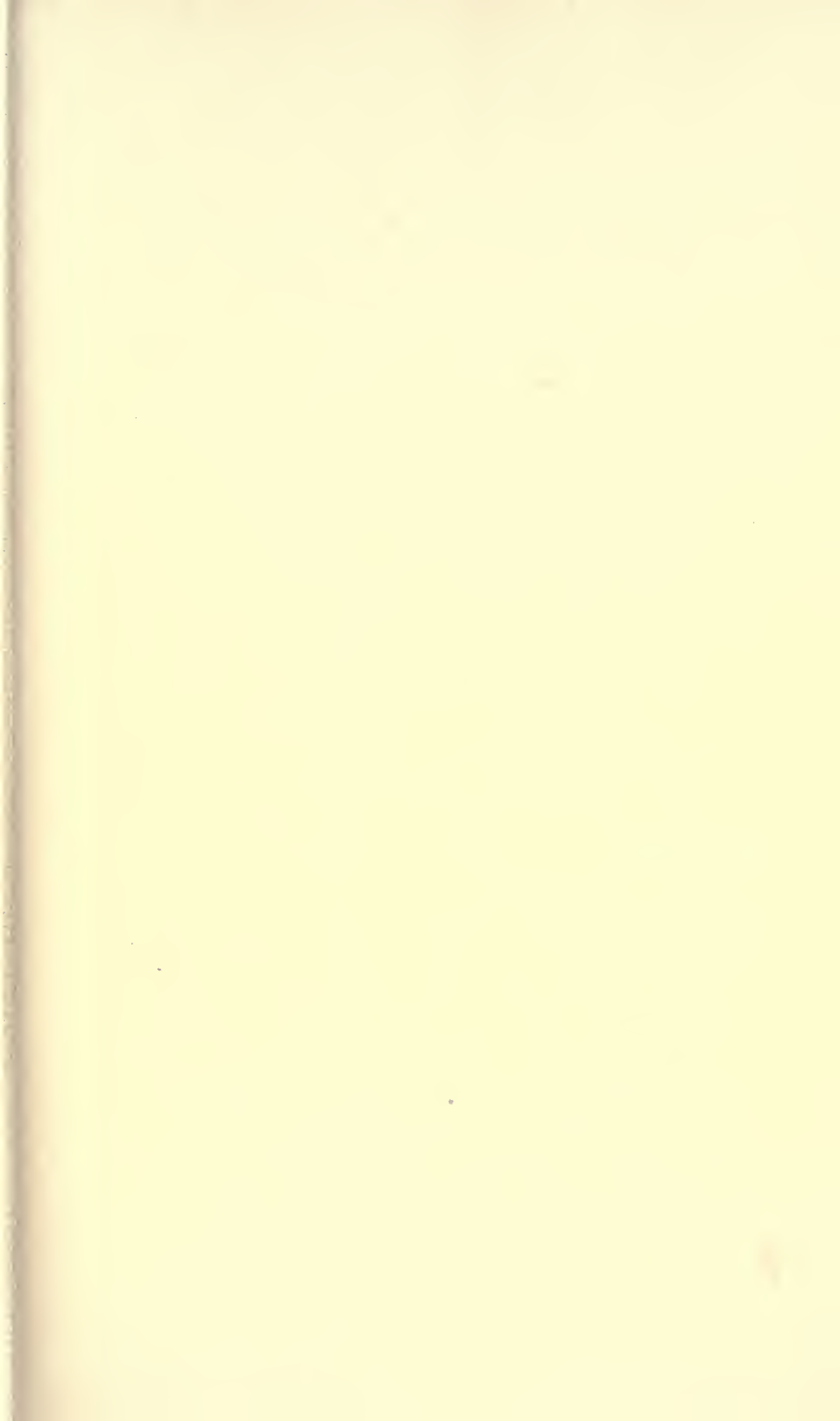




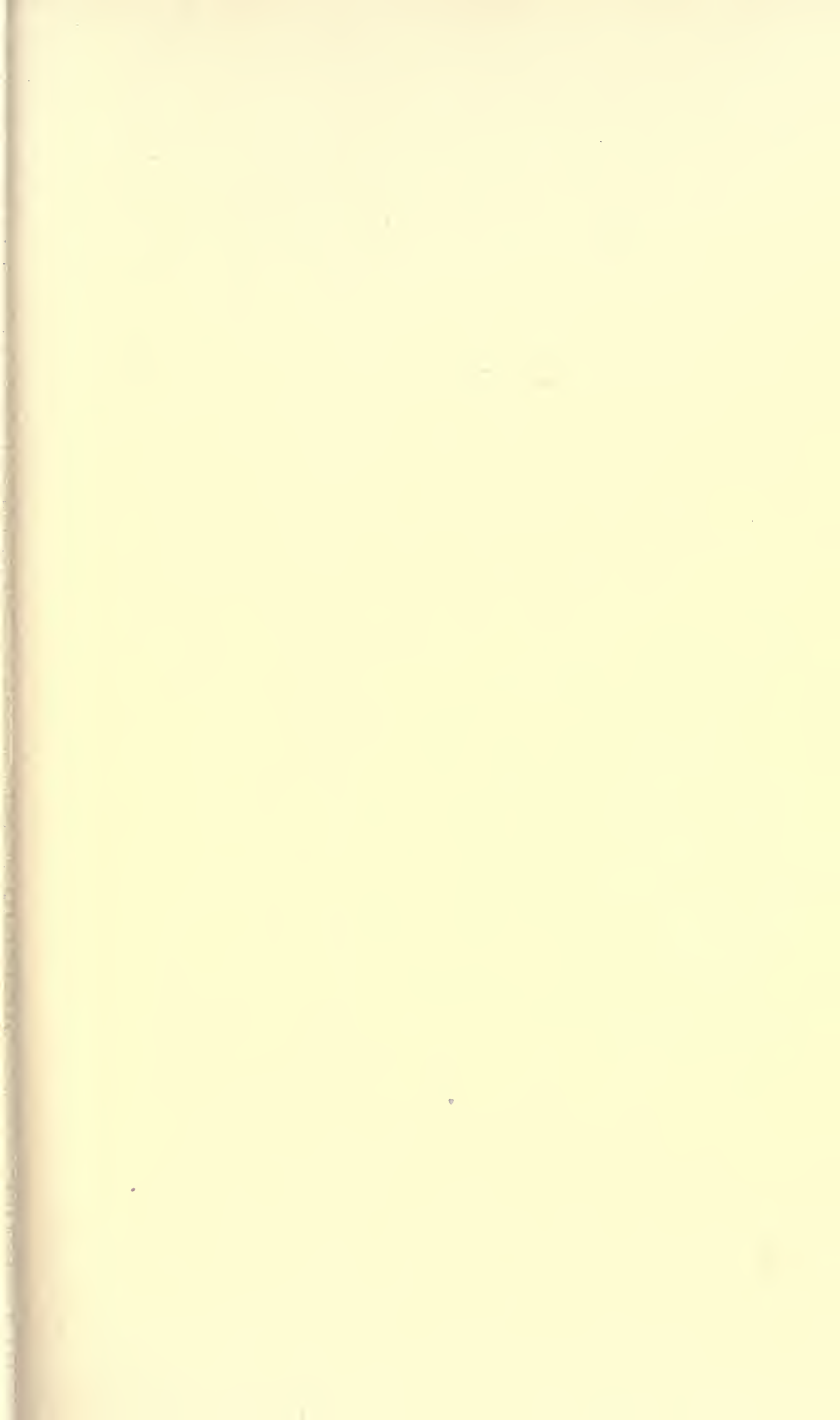


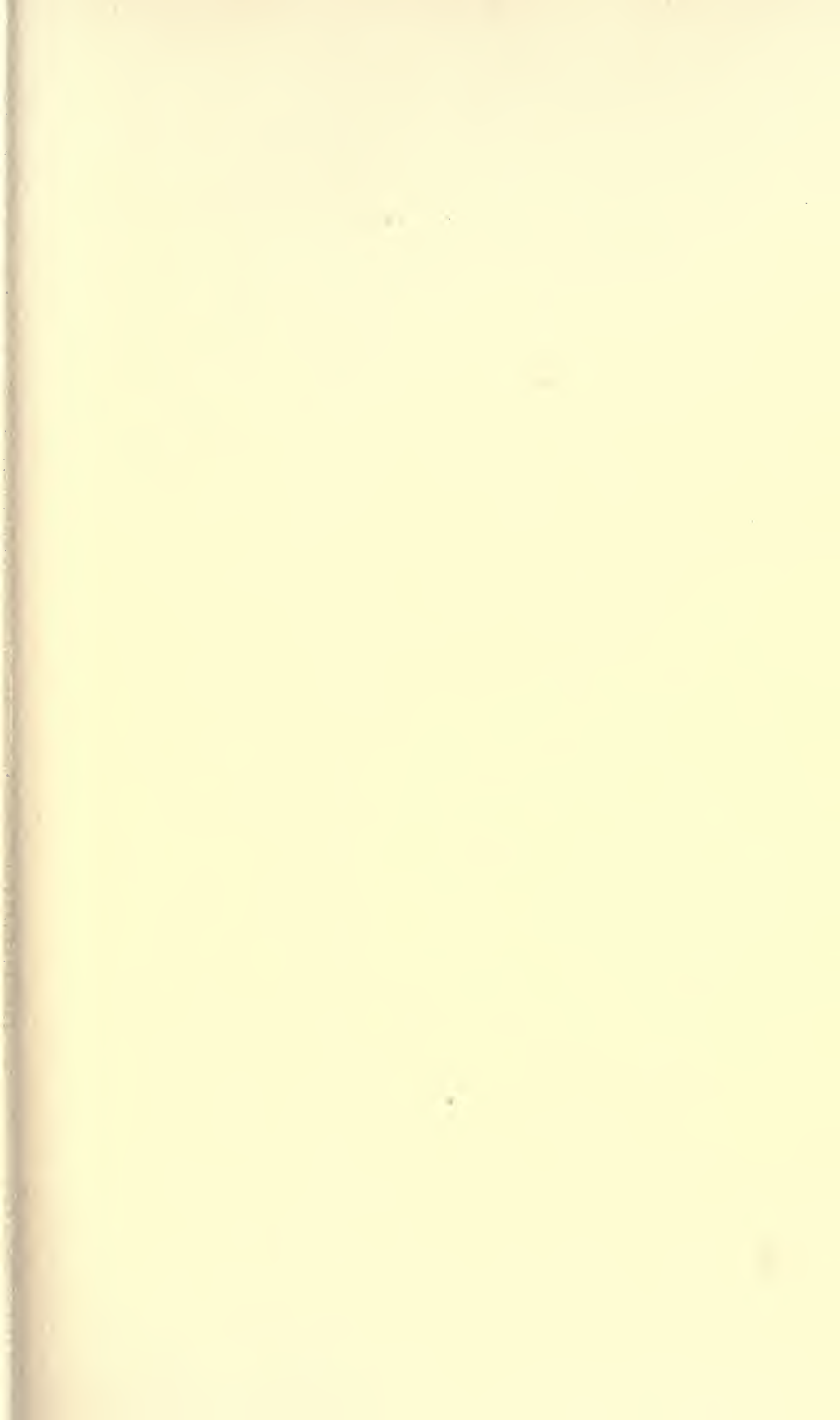


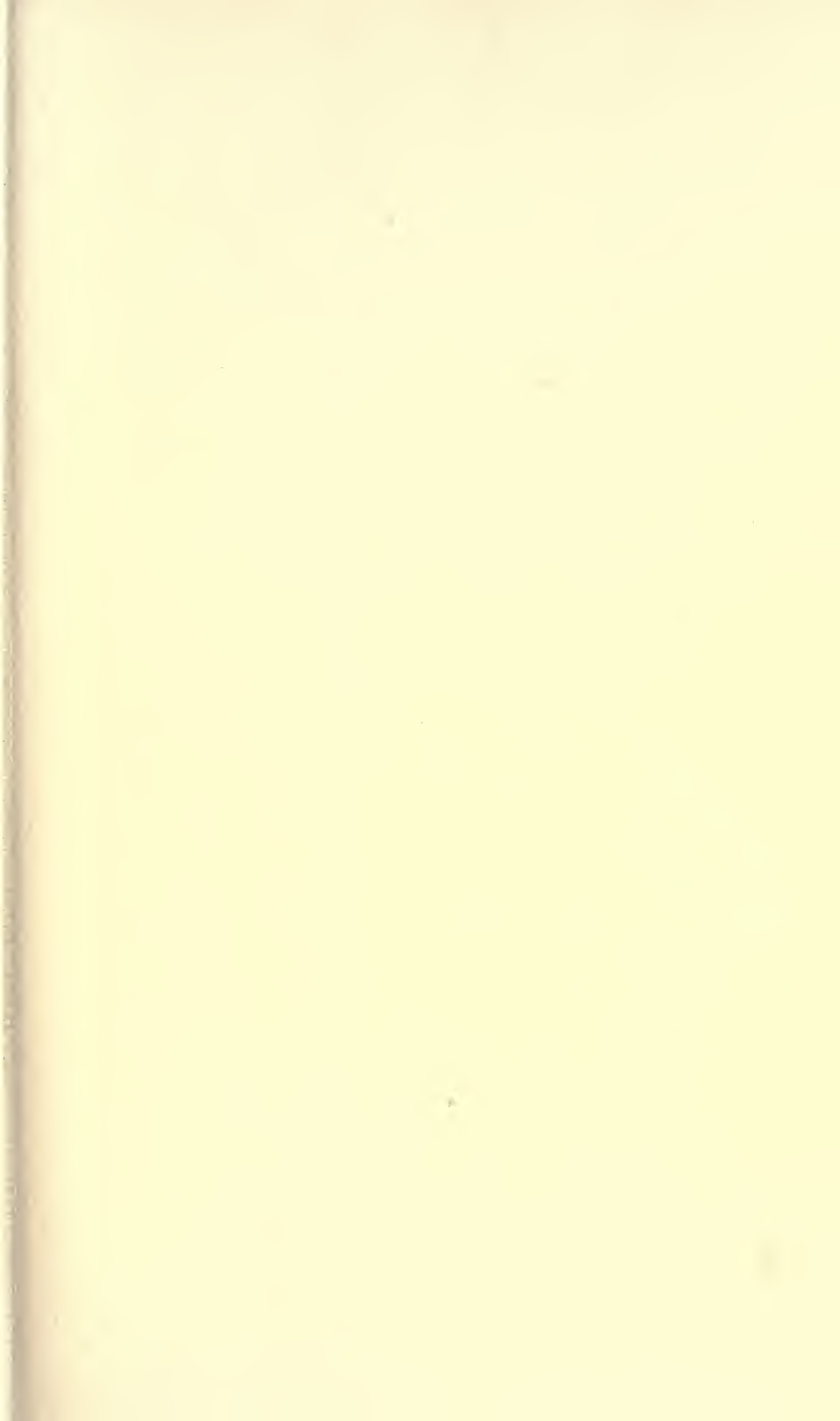


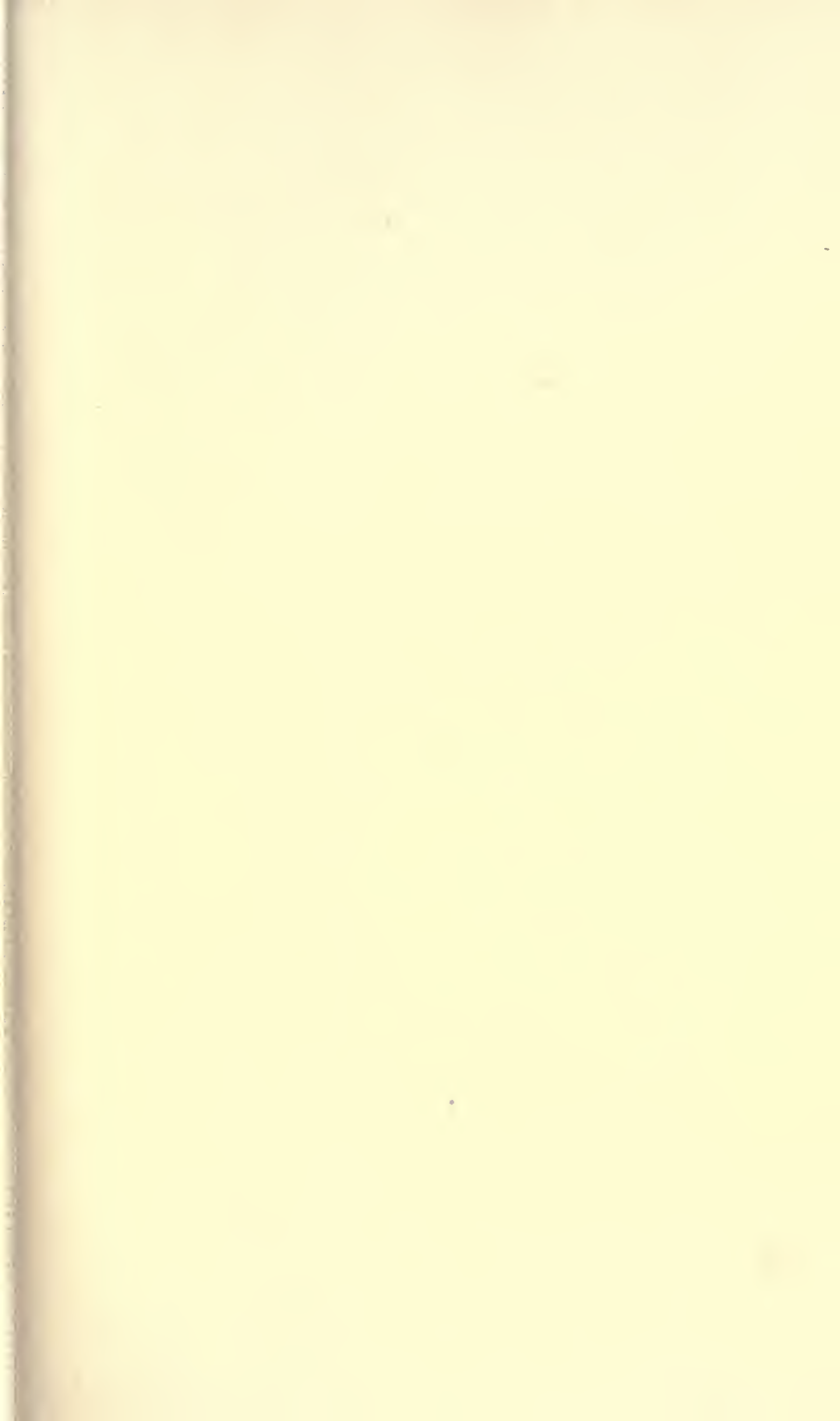












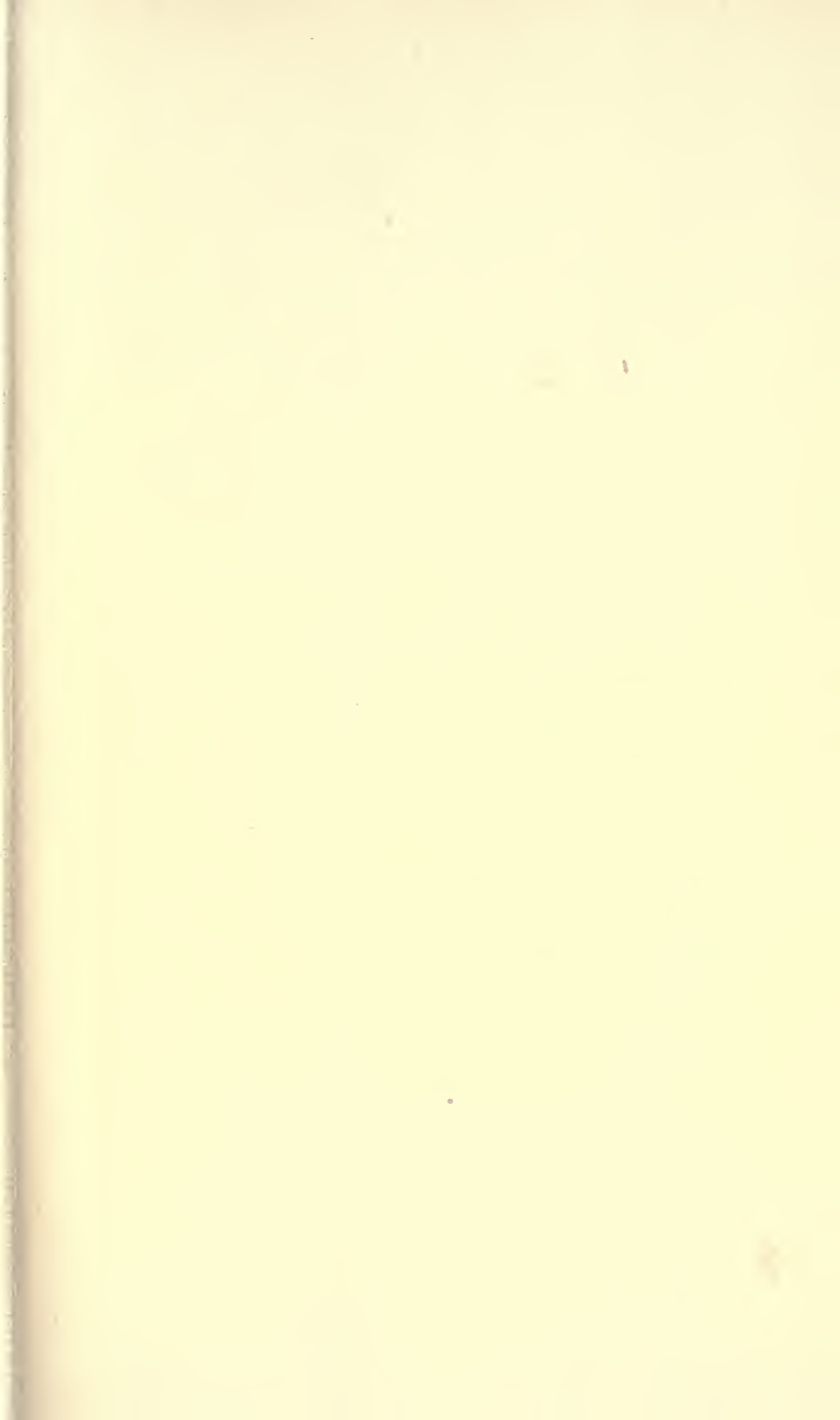










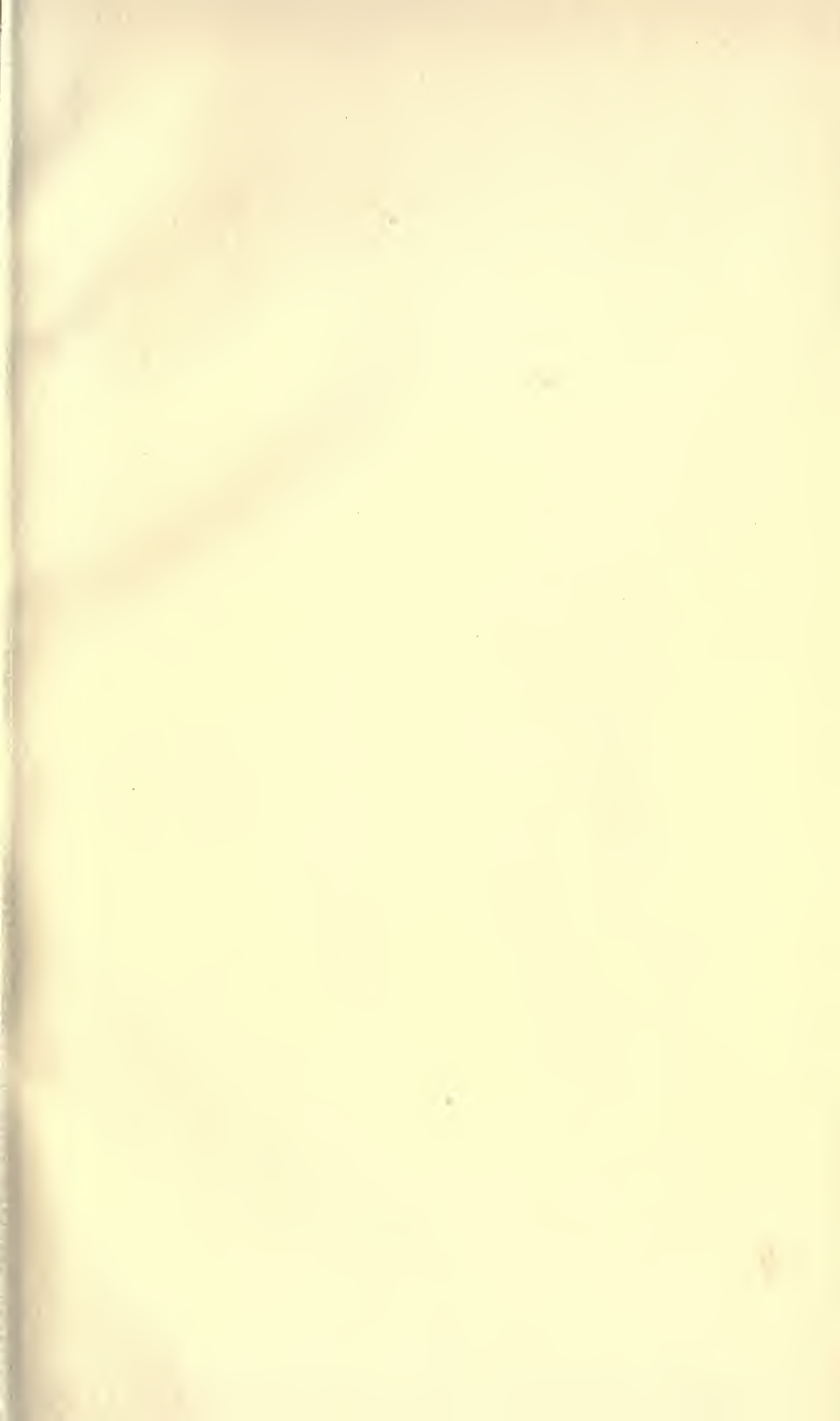












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